

John H. Nolan

Representative from California

Memorial Addresses
Delivered in Congress

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John I. Nolan



Memorial Addresses

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
UNITED STATES IN MEMORY OF
JOHN I. NOLAN

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM CALIFORNIA



Sixty-Seventh Congress

FEBRUARY 25, 1923



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Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Death of Hon. John I. Nolan



Proceedings in the House of Representatives



MONDAY, November 20, 1922.

Mr. KAHN. Mr. Speaker, it is with profound sorrow that I announce to the Members of the House the death of my late colleague, JOHN I. NOLAN, a Member of Congress from the State of California. He was chairman of the Committee on Labor and a member of the steering committee of this House. He died last Saturday morning at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco. At a later date I shall ask the House to set aside a day on which his public services can be properly commemorated. In the meantime I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. MONDELL. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the House do now adjourn.

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The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 48 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, November 21, 1922, at 12 o'clock noon.

WEDNESDAY, *November 22, 1922.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Craven, its Chief Clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, late a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

WEDNESDAY, *February 7, 1923.*

Mr. CURRY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Sunday, February 25, 1923, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of the late Representative JOHN I. NOLAN, of California.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from California asks unanimous consent that Sunday, February 25, 1923, be set apart for memorial exercises on the late Representative NOLAN. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

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SUNDAY, *February 25, 1923.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore, Mr. Wason.

Rev. William D. Waller, of Washington, D. C., offered the following prayer:

With reverence we draw nigh to Thee, O God, to Thee in whom we live and move and have our being.

Bless us in our service this morning. May we gather inspiration from the lives of those whom we remember to-day. We beseech Thee to sustain and bless their families and dear ones. And as our friends go out into the unseen world, so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Make us all Thy willing and faithful servants, that when we are summoned to give account of the deeds done in the body Thou mayst say to each: Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Bless our President and Congress, and all in authority in our own land and in all lands, that Christ's kingdom of righteousness and justice, of good will and brotherly kindness, may speedily cover all the earth, and all the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and to His name shall be the glory forever. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the reading of the Journal will be deferred.

There was no objection.

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Mr. Curry took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the special order of the day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Curry, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 25, 1923, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, late a Representative from the State of California.

Mr. BARBOUR. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, late a Member of this House from the State of California.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of the day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to.

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Address by Representative Kelly *Of Pennsylvania*

MR. SPEAKER: JOHN I. NOLAN presented to this Congress and to America an outstanding example of what a great thing a real man may make of a life. Out of the matter-of-fact materials which are ready to the hand of every man Congressman NOLAN built a noble structure upon the enduring foundations of service.

In the days when the Spanish Empire was the mightiest power in the world the Pillars of Hercules were regarded as the uttermost points of solid land. The Emperor of Spain had on his coins a representation of these twin crags of two continents and, underneath, the words "No more beyond."

Then there came a day when Christopher Columbus, flying the colors of Spain, sailed out on the blue Mediterranean, past the Pillars of Hercules, and westward into the uncharted sea. He discovered a new world and his achievements made the old motto an absurd and ridiculous tribute to ignorance. The discovery of America compelled the Spanish ruler to strike from his coins the first word of his motto and make it "More beyond."

If we were to symbolize the life and career of the man in whose memory we have gathered today, we should have to strike another word from that old Spanish motto and make it "Beyond."

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All his life this son of the Golden West kept his eyes fixed upon the sunrise and planned for the future. His spirit was in tune with the urge eternal for brotherhood and social justice. He looked beyond the rugged rocks and stinging briars in the pathway of to-day to the solid roadway built by cooperation for the bannered march of crowned humanity to-morrow.

All men are engaged in the quest for happiness, and, alas, there are many who find it not. JOHN NOLAN was engaged in the quest of justice for humankind, and in that search he found happiness.

There can be no holier grail than the justice which comes from the practice of the Golden Rule and the rendering to every man his due. In illuminated letters around the great capitol at Harrisburg may be read its meaning as defined by James Madison.

Justice is the end of government. It is the aim of civil society.

It always has been pursued and always will be pursued, until it be attained or until liberty be lost in the pursuit.

That priceless boon will be attained and liberty will not be lost in the pursuit because of choice spirits and loyal hearts like JOHN NOLAN who are willing to do and dare and die for justice.

JOHN NOLAN held no diploma from university or college, but he was educated in the highest sense. For what is education save training to think clearly and act wisely? It is not a collection of shreds and patches of useless arts but the wisdom

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of the heart which is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. Education is found in love for truth and the ability to see and appreciate the beautiful and the true in humblest mankind. It is an enthusiasm for liberty and a spirit of sympathy for the unfortunate and oppressed. It is the cultivation of the mind through friendship with noble purposes and fellowship with noble ideals. It is love for labor and desire for knowledge. If a man have not these he is not educated, though he number his degrees by the score. JOHN NOLAN had such an education, garnered and gleaned from every field of life he traveled from the cradle to the grave.

Scan his record of 10 years' faithful service in the American Congress and you will read in every line his devoted service to his fellow men. He shared the burdens of his brothers and was earnest with heart and hand to make others free.

As a worker in industrial plants, as an officer in labor unions, as a Member of Congress, and as chairman of the Committee on Labor in the House JOHN NOLAN used his influence for the workers, who, with toil-furrowed faces and calloused hands, man the mighty army of industry.

He fought the battles of all toilers wherever they might be—of the seamen driving the vessels over the ocean ways, of the railroad workers carrying the commerce of the Nation over glistening rails.

No class of toilers was too humble to enlist his sympathy and support. He urged a minimum wage for the poorest-paid Government employees.

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He waged valiant fight to prohibit child labor and to give little children a right to life and love and leisure.

JOHN NOLAN put the man above the dollar. He counted factory workers of more importance than factories. He believed that machinists are greater than machines. He counted the molder more valuable than the molds. Above the building he put the builders, and above the things of money he put the things of manhood, wrought of human blood and brain and brawn.

He worked out measures to increase home owning, believing that the average man should have a stake in the soil of America.

He introduced bills for a comprehensive employment service, so that the jobless man and the manless job might be brought together and the fear of enforced idleness be removed from the workers of the country.

He was never supine and satisfied when he saw unfairness, injustice, and cruelty in our industrial system. Splendidly he struggled for remedy and in sure faith that America will finally achieve the true progress which means lessened contrast between the house of have and the house of want. Such men are sometimes called agitators, but they perform the supremely important task of marshaling a nation's conscience to mold its laws.

So long as there is one man degraded by involuntary and undeserved poverty; so long as there is one child dwarfed by enforced toil, men like JOHN NOLAN are needed in public life. And only when there are left no such defenders of social

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justice to whom we may pay the tributes we pay to-day to our honored friend will the downfall of America be assured.

JOHN NOLAN was a believer in democracy, in rule by all the people. That was the guiding star in his political career, and he followed it in triumph and defeat. He was a follower of Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest American of our times, and he was a Progressive in all the word implies.

Mr. Speaker, the influence and inspiration of the life of JOHN NOLAN are not dead because his mortal remains have been laid to rest in mother earth. They will live on, duplicating and reduplicating themselves in the lives of others, who, like him, will catch the glory of the ideal of justice between man and man and will follow the gleam. Other toilers and thinkers and statesmen and seers will strive for the same goal, and they will find the path smoother and easier because of his unyielding courage and undaunted faith.

I knew JOHN NOLAN intimately for 10 years and valued his friendship most highly. Witnessing his consistent efforts for human betterment through those years, I have felt many times that in his life and career he was the very embodiment of Kipling's idea of what a man should be. You remember that great poem descriptive of real manhood—

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;

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If you can wait and not grow tired of waiting,
Or, lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise.

If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet both triumph and disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same.
If you can bear to see the truth you've spoken,
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or see the work you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build it up again with worn-out tools.

If you can talk with crowds, but keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch.
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill each unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
The earth is yours and everything that's in it;
And what is more, you'll be a man, my son.

Such a man was JOHN NOLAN, who conquered circumstances through the ability which is a poor man's goal and the ambition to serve his fellow men. His motto was "Beyond," and through all his life he sought the heights where morning is breaking for mankind.

And in the great beyond, to which he has journeyed, may he be given royal welcome home by that master servant of humanity who said: "I am come to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to set at liberty them that are bound."

Address by Representative Zihlman
Of Maryland

MR. SPEAKER: One of the gifted writers of America has scattered along life's pathways a series of literary gems depicting the hopes and aspirations of our people, and among the lines she has written are these words:

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meager be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span
"Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man,
"The world is better that I lived to-day."

Surely it can be said of him whom we mourn here to-day, "The world is better that JOHN I. NOLAN lived in it."

After 14 years in public life I have come to the conclusion that the men who come up from poverty and obscurity through the long lane that leads to responsibility and power never forget the

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human element in the great questions which come before them, and weigh them in the light of the hopes and the welfare of those who struggle under the handicap of privation and adversity. Our departed friend had this trait to a marked degree.

He approached the problems which came before him as a Member of the American Congress with courage and a sincere sense of justice and fair play, and if there was any doubt in his mind he gave the benefit of the doubt to the class who were handicapped and who he felt were at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence. And that fact became known to his colleagues in the House—that he was usually found on the right side of great questions—and scores of us who knew and trusted him were glad and proud to follow his example and leadership.

He brought to each problem a clear mind and an honest heart, and the good he did will live long after he has passed away.

Surely he exemplified that life which was depicted by Alfred Austin, once poet laureate of England:

But if in unheroic days
No great deed may be done,
Let me at least deserve this praise:
"He lived and died as one
Who looked on life with fearless eyes,
And with intrepid mind;
So leaves, where now he silent lies,
An honored name behind."

JOHN I. NOLAN was looked upon by organized labor as their special friend, champion, and

pleader. From the day when as a sturdy young workman he entered the foundry down to the time of his death his voice was raised in behalf of those who earn bread in the sweat of their brow. He believed in the dignity and the power of labor; he was proud to fight their battles, and he brought to the task a keen, analytical mind and a determination which made him a worthy foeman. Labor in return held him in the highest esteem and honored him as their champion and friend.

His colleagues on the Committee on Labor, of which he was the chairman, esteemed him for his ability, honored him for his courage, and loved him for his kindness and courtesy, and join with his family and friends in paying tribute to his memory.

Men of great responsibility and power also recognized his ability, courage, and steadfastness of purpose, and his judgment was sought and respected by the leaders of the House—among his great friends and admirers being the great parliamentarian and statesman from Illinois, Hon. James R. Mann, who so soon followed him on the long journey into the great beyond.

An example of this was shown at a great banquet held in New York City in December of last year, which was attended by more than 300 of the patent attorneys of the country, as well as many prominent financiers. Hon. Thomas Ewing, former Commissioner of Patents, paid a tribute to the departed Member, labor leader, and statesman, and resolutions were unanimously adopted expressing

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the sympathy of the gathering to his bereaved family.

Mr. NOLAN was a member of the steering committee of his party, and his name was considered by President Warren G. Harding for the post of Secretary of Labor.

His life was another example of the great opportunities which abound here in America, and the story of the life and work of this young, enthusiastic Irish worker reads like a romance, and his record of constructive achievement has indelibly impressed his name upon the hearts of his fellow men of every station of life.

And better by far to have walked through life as he did, to have made some life brighter, some home happier, to have earned the love and respect of one's fellow men than to reach the heights of earthly glory over the torn hearts and crushed bodies of one's fellow creatures here below.

What, after all, profit it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

When the roll is called, this once strong man answereth not.

The silver cord has been loosed, the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the well.

Out of the darkness from whence he came he has gone.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," but He has not taken the good deeds done, the memory of the tender sympathy of full manhood which manifested itself to some one who needed it far beyond their power to express.

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Oh for the clasp of a friendly hand, and the sound
of a voice that is still.

“Rest in peace,” saith those who knew and loved
him. The lengthening shadows of eternal darkness
overtook and encompassed him when the sun
of life was near its meridian, but it has not blotted
out, and never will, the sacred place he has en-
shrined upon the loving tablets of memory.

He played a man's part in the struggle in the
so-called game of life and he carried the banner
of the right as he saw it, and was twice armed in
that security which right alone gives. In the
words of a gifted bard:

What boots it, that thou stand'st alone,
And laughest in the battle's face
When all the weak have fled the place
And let their feet and fears keep pace?
Thou wavest still thine ensign high,
And shoutest thy loud battle cry;
Higher than e'er the tempest roared,
It cleaves the silence like a sword.

Right arms and armors, too, that man
Who will not compromise with wrong;
Tho' single, he must front the throng,
And wage the battle hard and long.
Minorities, since time began,
Have shown the better side of man;
And often in the lists of Time
One man has made a cause sublime!

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Address by Representative Hardy *Of Texas*

MR. SPEAKER: I have taken a great interest in this day's ceremonies and in the tributes which have been paid to our departed Members. Except Mr. Montoya, I was fairly well acquainted with all of them. The reaper has been busy in our ranks, and sometimes on occasions like this it may be a test of our faith if we try to repeat sincerely, "God is in His heaven, all's well with the world." Listening to the tributes paid to-day, I am not so sure we have not found an answer to our doubts in the very tribute to these departed colleagues. It is good to hear the virtues of our friends truthfully recounted. Those who loved him present the character of our good friend from New Hampshire, and even now, though dead, he liveth. He was a Christian without guile. He was a patriot without knowing sections. I conceive that could all our different sections of the country meet with such men as Burroughs, aye, meet with such men as Osborne, aye, meet with such men as JOHN I. NOLAN, and meet with such men as from his character portrayed here I understand was Montoya, the sectional hate and feeling that once existed, if not now buried, would be buried forever. I, too, was on a committee with Mr. Burroughs, and I subscribe to all that was said by those who preceded me. He was a gentleman, he was an able man, he was a faithful man, and so was Captain

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Osborne, of California. I spent two delightful months with him in 1920 on a trip to the Orient. He was a delightful companion. He was a Union soldier, but in his love of country he knew no North, no South. He lived for a short time in the South and loved her people as his own. But, perhaps, I knew better than either of the other gentlemen whose memory we are now consecrating with our tributes, JOHN I. NOLAN, of California. He, too, was a gentleman. Born in poverty though he was, it may be, poor at least, every instinct and feeling of a gentleman was his. Gentlemen are not made by wealth or station, or education even. Gentlemen are born with that innate quality of heart that gives kindness and human brotherhood, and with that quality JOHN I. NOLAN was well bestowed. It was because I knew him, and I think knew him well, that I asked to-day to be permitted to pay this brief tribute to his memory. He was not so much a Democrat or a Republican as he was simply the workingman's friend, and yet he was no extremist. He was always poised and clear, and the rich as well as the poor could look to him for justice.

I think I had the pleasure of taking with him his bridal trip. In the morning of young manhood he had found a companion and helpmeet, and I think it was in 1913 or 1914 that he went on his trip down to the Panama Canal. His little lady was with him, cheerful, joyous, and bright, not dreaming that in a few short years, less than a dozen, the light of her life would go out and he

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who was then its cheerfulness would slumber in his last sleep.

Mr. Speaker, I deem it rather a peculiar privilege that I have had to have been somewhat of an intimate friend with two men in this House whom I have regarded as the ablest representatives of labor that have been sent here. I was intimately acquainted with William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor under the late administration, and no more loyal defender of the cause of the workingmen and the brotherhood of man existed than William B. Wilson; and JOHN I. NOLAN was another just like him. I really hoped that when the new administration succeeding that of President Wilson took power they would clothe JOHN I. NOLAN with the garment that designated that member of the Cabinet who represents labor as Secretary of Labor. But these men are gone. NOLAN's work is ended. He who rules in heaven has written to his life "Finis." Captain Osborne was past three-score and ten, Mr. Montoya a little younger; Mr. Burroughs was in the prime of life; Mr. NOLAN had scarcely reached the zenith of his powers. But the grim reaper knows no age.

Oh, it inspires us to hope—nay, more, it inspires us to believe—that there is a land beyond, where the souls that lingered not longer here will take up the march and go onward and onward to the perfect day. And this is the lesson to us from what has been said here. Let us live as these have lived, so that when our days are numbered and we sleep with our fathers, all who knew us can truthfully say the world is better that we lived.

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Address by Representative Galliban *Of Massachusetts*

MR. SPEAKER: In my 10 years of congressional life I never had a finer friend than JOHN I. NOLAN, whose loss we mourn here to-day. It was my privilege to know him well almost from the first week I entered Congress, and as the years have passed I got to know him better. With all his friends and with his family I am saddened almost beyond expression when I realize we shall no more look upon his honest face.

JOHN NOLAN was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. From early in life he had to make his own way in the world, and he became a genuine horny-handed son of toil. He was an iron molder by trade and he boasted of it. His fellow workmen saw in him qualities of leadership which made them love him, and it was at their unceasing requests that he entered public service, first as a member of the board of supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco, and then he came to Congress in 1913. He served his fellow citizens of San Francisco in these legislative halls for 10 years with devotion, integrity, ability, and loyalty rarely surpassed.

Keen and vigorous always in the pursuit of his legislative calling, he was never so engrossed in the thoughts of his work that he would not halt to speak the cheering word, and, if occasion recommended, to do an act of helpfulness to his fellow legislator.

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He was called a "labor Representative," and he was truly the friend of labor. Yet, men of affairs and business knew the richness of his gentle, manly soul and they respected, admired, and esteemed him.

His gospel always was that of good fellowship, with none of its detractions. JOHN NOLAN, without much book education, was a man of intellect, and he was always high-toned in character. Generous, kindly natured, he was always a devoted friend, a gallant gentleman. His friends in the city of his birth were legion, and it may be truly said of him that "None knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise."

When I stop to think of the ceremonies here conducted on this Sabbath day in memory of JOHN NOLAN and our other colleagues who have passed to the great beyond, I am reminded of the words of the eloquent Ingalls, long a Senator from the State of Kansas, who said on an occasion similar to this, "If the lives of these men we mourn to-day are as a taper that is burned out, then we treasure their memories in vain, and their last prayer has no more sanctity to us who soon or late must follow them than the 'whisper of winds that stir the leaves of the protesting forest or the murmur of waves that break upon the complaining shore.'"

But, Mr. Speaker, this we know in our hearts can not be. The mind, perhaps, may quail before so stupendous a theme, and fret and chafe at its own limitations; but the soul receives its illumination more simply, by rays direct from the sources

of things. "Two objects of contemplation," said Kant, "excite my wonder—the starry heavens and the moral law"—to which the world has added a third, "Life after death!"

For this is the faith that has healed a myriad sorrows and persuaded a myriad mourners to the resumption of bitter tasks after the heartbreak of the newly opened grave. This is the truth, seen through tears, that has decked great cities with monuments and inspired mighty chants of hope triumphant over grief. A Milton and a Shelley, a Tennyson and an Arnold, easing their soul's anguish in rhythmic lamentations, voice for humanity the universal loss and its sole consolation.

What life is led in the undiscovered country none may presume to declare. We visit it only in imagination, blindfolded, as it were, by these wrappings of mortal clay. But visit we must, now and then. Like Orpheus searching among the shades for his lost Eurydice, like Demeter descending to embrace once more her stolen daughter, we, too, are led by irresistible impulses to enter the world of the departed; and we know after such communions, brief though they be, that it is a higher and nobler world than this, for we have beheld our dear ones there, beatified and exalted; and we ourselves return radiant with a tenderness and a tranquillity not of earth.

The very last word of human sympathy is spoken by us to-day. We come together out of the dazzling day into a dimmer light, with voices a little lowered and heads a little bent, our hearts caught and entwined in fluttering ribbons that

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stretch, we know not how, over space and time to the invisible world, and we know that the granite of the hills shall pass away sooner than the tenants of that realm.

Let us then here and now publicly commune with those immortals and acknowledge it our noblest privilege to do so. Let each of us here summon vividly the image of those dearest to him. They differed while on earth; perhaps one was greater, one was less; but the least of them now holds the key of a wisdom which was denied to Solomon and Socrates. So, doubtless, while among us he filled his place and was, if we but knew it, indispensable. Without him there would have been a little gap in the circumference; the great circle would have been notched and marred.

“Exaltavit humiles!” He has exalted the humble! These are the profoundest words ever spoken, the seal and motto of eternal progress. They express the deepest lesson which we may learn from our colleagues who are here no more.

And to those Members of Congress who knew and loved JOHN NOLAN may I humbly say that some day, and not so far away, each and every one of us will be recalled only as a memory; for we know that “every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will at its close become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.”

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Again I summon to my aid the immortal words of Senator Ingalls, when he said:

My only hope is that when the last survivor of us all recalls the vivid memories of those who have gone before, no grief may dim his vision, save that which separation always brings, and that he may confidently and gratefully anticipate the hour which shall summon him to a brighter world than this; a world which shall seem as the glorious waking from a fevered dream, where sorrow has no dominion, where distance can not separate, where time can not chill, and the tragic limitations of earthly being are forever unknown.

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Address by Representative London

Of New York

MR. SPEAKER: The true man can afford to defy death. Both the brain and the heart repudiate the suggestion that man is a perishable commodity. The brain refuses to admit that that which exists can cease to be, and the heart in its love refuses to concede that those we cherish will disappear forever.

NOLAN represented an epoch in the life of the United States, the great Republic, the wonder of nations. He began his career when the prejudice against labor organizations was intense, when unrestrained individualism, taking full advantage of the inexhaustible resources of the land, flaunted every idea of cooperation among men; and while dollar and dollar were free to unite into corporations, it was deemed wrong for men and men to unite their hearts and souls in a common endeavor to improve the lot of the worker. The labor leader was treated with contempt. "The labor delegate" was a term of reproach. It was an honorable thing to be a director of a business corporation. It was a disreputable thing to be an agent of a union.

NOLAN challenged that prejudice. He was a believer in applied religion in the best sense of that term. Anyone can whisper a prayer inspired by the hope of future reward or by fear of future punishment. Anyone can go through the conven-

tional forms of religious ceremony, but very few men lead a true religious life. NOLAN devoted himself to the poor and oppressed. He gave them his talents, his energy, his soul. He was one of them; he never forgot them. Descending from a people who had suffered martyrdom at the hands of history, he allied himself with those who were handicapped in the struggle for existence. It is a privilege to trace one's origin to those who have known the pain of persecution. He who suffers loves, and he who loves is a man.

He understood the real value of education. He knew that the true object of acquiring knowledge should be the promotion of human happiness. Of what avail are our colleges and museums and universities, of what good is it to ride the air and to put the eagle to scorn, of what value is it to plow the ocean with giant steamships, to cover the globe as with one nervous system by cable and by wireless, of what aid are all our inventions and discoveries, if we have not learned to live the lives of true men, if we have not learned to live the life of brotherhood, if we have not helped to establish cooperation between man and man? NOLAN was a devotee of the real religion—the religion of humanity. When I pay tribute to him I also pay tribute to the hosts of nameless comrades of his with whom he worked and who worked with him in the cause of labor, the cause of the human race.

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Address by Representative Walters *Of Pennsylvania*

MR. SPEAKER: I do not come to-day to pay a perfunctory tribute to a Member of the Congress who passed away during his term of service. I come to say, in a formal way, and that they may be of record, a few of the expressions I am glad to have uttered during the lifetime—during the period of my association with JOHN I. NOLAN. I would not paint the life and career of our friend as that of a superman. Rather, it is better to note his intense human nature, his devotion to his home, friends, and duty. It is better that we recall here the JOHN NOLAN who worked along intensely practical lines, ever holding in view the betterment of human-kind.

I met JOHN I. NOLAN in 1913, when we came to the first session of the Sixty-third Congress. We were members of a group which constituted a third party in this House. Those of us who hailed from the East were attracted to the earnest, eloquent, and always practical Member from San Francisco. Known to be a prominent figure in the labor-union movement, we expected to be associated with a radical exponent of the principles of that movement. Instead we found a level-headed, sane, practical man, firmly devoted to the interests of labor, contesting boldly and efficiently for those things demanded as a right by labor,

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yet always considerate, always regardful of the interests, rights, and privileges of all the people.

An intimate association with JOHN I. NOLAN, official and personal, gave me a very high regard for his character and career. Making his way from the floor of the foundry to a high place in the union of his craft, overcoming difficulties and obstacles due to his lack of opportunity, he achieved leadership in his trade. He became an executive of one of the leading trade-unions of our country. In this high place his administration of the duties devolving upon him brought not only the confidence and trust of his fellow craftsmen, but the respect of employers. Firm in his relations with both workers and employers, always having in mind the welfare of the men in the foundries, he was regarded by employers as most just, as a safe counselor, and always a strict interpreter of agreements, demanding from those whom he represented the same scrupulous regard for a contract he expected from the employers.

Rightfully regarded as an able representative of labor, JOHN I. NOLAN did not assume that a great constituency expected him to devote all of his time and talents to the protection of the workers or the solving of industrial problems. He took care to be informed on all the leading questions of his day. As a legislator he ranked as one of the best informed men in the House. His connection with the organized-labor movement did not serve to dwarf his interest in all the problems which our Government was called upon to deal with. And, perhaps, no other tribute to his memory is more

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suggestive than that the people of the fifth California district voted him as their Representative in six Congresses practically without opposition. No finer tribute can come to a citizen than this exhibition of profound trust by a great body of his fellow Americans.

One's observations of home life, of the family relations and everyday work of a friend are not, as a rule, to be dwelt upon. I shall only remark that our friend NOLAN fulfilled his obligations in these respects with a devotion of rare quality. We do not attempt to pose JOHN I. NOLAN as the superman. We wish to preserve his memory as a type of the American who rises superior to obstacles, who holds strong opinions without prejudices, who labors with intelligent zeal for the things he believes best for those with whom he is associated, yet ever has in mind duty and responsibility to all the people. So far as I am concerned, I hold JOHN NOLAN as a sincere and faithful friend. In the estimation of the world he must be held as, first, an American, sound to the core; and second, a considerate champion of labor, a skilled and impartial legislator, a man without guile, fearless and fair.

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Address by Representative Lineberger *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE: The great State of California since it became a member of the galaxy of Commonwealths which go to form the American Union has produced many men of ability and distinction who have graced the Congress of the United States with membership therein, but among these not one has occupied a more unique position than that of our distinguished and beloved departed colleague and friend, the late Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, whose death we mourn and in whose memory these services are being held to-day.

His life was one of achievement and high purpose, not only because of the great zeal with which he served his State and Nation in his capacity here but for his unstinting devotion to the cause of the common people of which he and most of us in this body are a part.

He believed literally that this Republic of ours, founded upon the principle that the people of the United States who had first proclaimed the Republic and then ordained and established it under the Constitution, were those in whose interest the Government should be conducted, and that the preservation and perpetuity of our institutions depended upon the interpretation in thought and act which we, as representatives of the people in Congress, give to this theory.

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Possessed of high ideals and patriotic enthusiasm for the cause of these plain, average citizens, not only of his district but of the Nation, his efforts were translated into practical achievements and were not merely confined to the sphere of academic contemplation.

His colleagues soon recognized his ability, grasped his pure purpose, and came to know that the man who possessed these fine qualities had a heart of pure gold. Having begun life at the bottom of the ladder, having toiled and labored as a member of that great mass of the common people who are the backbone of the Republic and who furnish the bone and sinew of its throbbing industrial life, he was one of them and knew as few men did their aims, hopes, and aspirations. These plain people, who, when he became a candidate for Congress in the first instance, backed him almost to a man, never had cause to regret their choice, and with each succeeding year gained in their enthusiasm for the loyalty, great ability, and high purpose of a member of their own ranks who had risen to high place in the councils of the Nation.

Not only did he maintain and increase the unfaltering devotion of labor and those who leaned toward it in their sympathies, but he recruited to the cause many new adherents, and won the friendship and respect through the charm of his personality of all who came in contact with him. His position in this House at the time of his death, when he was not only the chairman of the great

Committee on Labor but also a member of the powerful steering committee, is a mute tribute to the recognition which he received at the hands of his colleagues here.

He was an indefatigable worker, and with the dynamic energy and force which he threw into his work here he shattered his health and brought about his untimely end. He was truly a martyr to the cause of unselfish devotion to his fellows. His most precious possession—his life—he offered up on the altar of public service.

It is well known by those who knew him best that he was the very soul of modesty and was devoid of all pretense and ostentation. No boastful words ever passed his lips; no vindictiveness or bitterness ever contaminated his heart or mind. Forceful in expression, consistent in his views, he fought all his battles and met life's problems straight from the shoulder on the "live and let live" basis. Informed as few men were on the intricate problems affecting labor and industry in the complicated industrial age in which he lived, when he took the floor of the House to discuss this or any other kindred matter his colleagues knew that he knew what he was talking about and listened with close attention and in large measure followed his advice. His master mind, tempered by legislative experience and fortified by the logic of facts which he had at his finger tips, seemed to endow him with the magic ability to rally support to the cause which he sponsored as few men could; and I doubt if there has ever been a Member of

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this House who, single handed, wielded an influence to a cause to which he was devoted in such a degree as did JOHN I. NOLAN.

His loss not only to labor but to the Republican Party, of which he was a member, and to the Republic, of which he was a distinguished citizen, is almost irreparable. I prophesy it will be many years before his equal in knowledge and experience shall sit in his place here, and the voice that is stilled will long be felt in these Halls in the influence which he left to this body as a heritage of his membership.

We are glad, indeed, that his wife has been selected to take his place and carry on the work which he left unfinished. She who was his helpmate and knew and sympathized with his point of view as no one else could can perhaps do more to perpetuate his memory and achievements in the years to come than anyone else, and I feel that it is the unanimous opinion of this body that his constituency honored itself when it honored her in electing her as his worthy successor.

It was my delight and pleasure to have known Mr. NOLAN in perhaps as intimate a way as it is possible for a new Member to know an older colleague. His helpful advice and counsel to me as one coming for the first time to take his place as an humble Member of the greatest parliamentary body in the world will long be remembered and always appreciated.

As a fellow Californian I had long known of his outstanding achievements here and of the high esteem in which he was held by the citizens of our

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State. Having been among those whose convictions and concepts of government had led to the political shrine of ideals sponsored by that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, where Mr. NOLAN also had taken his inspiration, I found that we had been friends in purpose and comradeship long before we had become personally acquainted. We understood each other and spoke the same language.

The outstanding feature of Mr. NOLAN's life was that in his private as well as his public life he placed human rights above property rights, and no measure which could not qualify under this and pass the acid test of his searching brain could obtain his support or approval. He dealt in fundamentals and believed that only when the welfare, life, prosperity, and happiness of the average citizen of the Republic was secure could the Republic endure and prosper and truly reflect the purposes for which it was ordained and established in the preamble of our Constitution.

Had he lived, undoubtedly, in the course of time, he would have arrived at still higher pinnacles of achievement—the United States Senate, or membership in the Cabinet. It is well known that he was very favorably considered by President Harding for the position of Secretary of Labor under the present administration, but this only aroused a passive interest on the part of Mr. NOLAN. He felt he had his work to accomplish here in the House and would not permit his friends to press his nomination.

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Mr. Speaker, the 18th day of November, 1922, when our colleague departed this life to take up his abode eternal in the mansions of rest, was one upon which the Republic lost a distinguished citizen whose life, character, and public service will stand out in bold relief in the years to come as a beacon light and as an example to the youth and citizens of the Nation. He wrote his name high on the scroll of fame and it will live long in the annals of the Republic.

Farewell, friend; sacred be thy memory and peace eternal to thy soul.

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Address by Representative O'Connor *Of Louisiana*

MR. SPEAKER: We have assembled here to-day in accordance with a resolution adopted by the House of Representatives, and in pursuance of a custom of parliamentary assemblies and legislative bodies, to commemorate the life, character, and services of JOHN NOLAN, once Member of Congress from the State of California.

This custom is derived from the past, and its origin is lost in the remoteness of time, for even from the twilight of history there come stories and traditions of great ceremonies and funeral rites suggesting the customs which we observe as a mode of expressing our grief and woe for the loss of those who at one time walked amidst us in glory.

From the antiquity of the ceremonies which are observed among all peoples it would appear that there has always existed a tendency to reverence the noble dead whose earthly existence became an inspiration to those who followed them and to give that tendency an outward form and expression. In Egypt's celebrated Book of the Dead, written more than 2,000 years before Joseph was sold into captivity and long before the dawn of Judaism had begun, there appeared these sublime words, taken from an inscription or epitaph on a

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monument erected to commemorate the virtue of some noble soul:

He hath given bread to the hungry; clothes to the naked; he hath given a boat to the shipwrecked; he hath buried the dead and made due offerings to the gods.

Memorial services certainly have now and will always in all probability have a powerful appeal to the imaginations of those who are left behind and who love to dwell upon the memories that come back like burning stars to dissipate the gloom of the day when the lamented one departed for the unknown country from whence no traveler ever returns. On such occasions it is impossible to repress our tears. Choking with heart sobs we endeavor to recall the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still. We grieve, we mourn for him who has bade the earth good-by forever. But we know that he is on another shore doing an even greater service than he performed here.

For it is impossible to believe the human mind is so constituted that it staggers at the thought that the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust is the end of all our hopes and aspirations. God pity the man, God pity the woman, who believes that the grave is the end of all. For such a man, for such a woman, there is no peace in the twinkling of the stars, no lullaby in the prattle of children, no yearning in the soul to dwell beyond the Milky Way. In every age and in every clime and among all people there has always existed the pleasing

hope that there is a land fairer and more beautiful than this. And the prophet who saw the coming of the new Jerusalem, with its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, its foundation of blazing jewels, its star-studded sky, corruscated with beautiful rainbows and gorgeous oriflammes, only saw the vision that has been before the eyes of millions of human bubbles that have come and gone since creation's dawn.

The shepherd lad long before the days of the patriarchs witnessed the death of the wild flower beneath the chilling blast of a wintry wind, and he mourned not, for he knew that it would have a glorious resurrection under the influence of a gentle and balmy spring. Long before astronomy became a science he watched the stars in "their tracks" cross the heavens and disappear beneath the horizon, but he knew with a rapturous joy that he would behold them again. And to-day, when we are standing in the dazzling splendor of the strenuous life, when the ruthless hand of the iconoclast is on every altar, millions of the faithful answer the sneering agnosticism of the unbeliever with a sign of the cross and in the solemn grandeur of Him who died on Calvary Hill:

I am the resurrection, and the life:

He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

If an all-wise Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and make it burst from its prison walls, will

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He neglect the soul of man, who is made in the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give the last rose of summer, whose withered petals float upon the autumn's wind, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He withhold the words of hope from the sons of men when the frost of winter comes? If matter, mute and inanimate, though it may be changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation after the tenement of clay has been resolved into earth again?

Rather let us believe that the Creator, who in His apparent prodigality wastes not the raindrops, the blade of grass, or the evening breeze, but makes them all carry out His great eternal plan, will direct transport us to the land that is fairer than this, and which by faith we can see from afar, and vision through the whisperings and intimations of immortality. No; death does not bring annihilation.

The terrible worldliness of the Persian poet, to take the cash and let the credit go, nor heed the rumble of a distant drum, receives an answer in his own immortal lines:

I sometimes think that never blew so red the rose
As where some buried Cæsar bled,
And every hyacinth the garden bears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

Volney, Voltaire, Paine, and Ingersoll are confused and confounded by the meditations of Cato contemplating death:

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The stars may fade away,
The sun himself grow dim with age,
And nature sink in tireless years;
But thou, O Immortality,
Shall live on forever,
Unhurt amid the wreck of matter
And the crash of worlds.

And it must be so, else what a mournful picture is presented to the human mind by the purposeless existence of the innumerable caravans that have come and gone since paradise, and will come and go—

Until the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

Even to the most stoical or philosophical when there is no hope of another life the picture is infinitely pathetic and picturesque. Life is a little plot of light. We enter, clasp a hand or two, smile, drop a tear, sing a song, send forth a sigh, and then go out into the everlasting darkness again. The great consolation, however, is that we do know with our declining years that our shadows reach the stars.

God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. He did not send out the great benevolent soul of JOHN NOLAN on its wonderful mission until He saw fit in His inscrutable wisdom and have His servant do the noble things which he did in the brief time that was allotted to him on this earth. But that immortal spirit would have been a hero in the strife and would have worked unceasingly for the elevation of his brother and

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would have been a blessing to mankind had he been sent into the world at the very dawn of history or had his coming been delayed until that remote period which will be the last days of man on this earth, just before the sun will lose its grip upon the globe and our old world goes flying out of its orbit and speeds on to its destruction and oblivion through trackless space. His would have been the voice lifted in behalf of justice, fair play, benevolence as the best means of justifying one's existence, as bringing contentment, peace, and happiness as far as they may be achieved on this earth to the hearts and minds of men and women. He loved his fellow man and therefore loved his Creator. While he revered the God we all adore with touching humility, he was always mindful of the wondrous beauty of the attitude that makes for the doing of a great and noble act without hope of reward or fear of punishment. I remember relating to him on one occasion a story which I heard years ago and which I have never been able to trace to its literary source. It is the story of the virgin who in a day of remote antiquity walked the walls of an ancient city carrying in one hand a blazing torch and in the other a pail of water, chanting and singing incessantly her great, alluring song:

With this torch I will burn the heavens,
And with this pail of water I will extinguish the fires
 of hell,
So that God may be loved for himself alone,
Without hope of reward or fear of punishment.

My friend, for he was my friend, immediately said to me: "Jim, that is a beautiful story, and I wish when you find the book in which it is that you will give me its title." I know you will believe me when I tell you that that refrain, though perhaps not those words, has been ringing in my ears from my earliest days. Yes, he lived to bless mankind, to make the world a little better and brighter for his presence; he struggled, worked, and toiled to let in the light where darkness had been, to bring hope where sorrow frowned and dwelled, to dry the eye of the orphan, to subdue discord, to still the heartaches of myriads, to alleviate the anguish that tortured the soul of millions. That was the great soul-inspiring task that appealed to his imaginative and benevolent nature. Oh, it was great—and there is no other greatness. Such a life so spent and in such a work lifts one nearer, nearer to the great white throne of God.

Aye, death does not mean annihilation. Buddhism, with its Nirvana, which seeks through the door of life death and extinction, is a creed to us repellant. What a contrast there is between it and the Christian faith, which teaches that through the shadow of the grave there comes life—everlasting, eternal life!

Our friend is not dead; he lives and in a wider sphere seeks growth and development and service and achievement. His life was rich in service and his labors enriched his State and the Nation and added to the great reservoir of humanity's achievement. A strong, brave, chivalrous man has gone from our midst. His memory we will

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cherish in our hearts; his labors will live after him. He has gone to join those illustrious spirits who in the night of despotism foresaw the glories of the coming day. We miss the friend we loved, whose memory we reverence. Our hearts are sore and heavy and there is no adequate speech for the deep emotions of the soul. The staff has been taken from a strong right hand and the left is cold and smitten. Next to his fireside the world had his loving regard and solicitude.

In this historic Hall the associations of years cluster, and here he consecrated his power with the sacrament of unstinted toil in the interest and for the advancement of the wage-earning hosts of his country. A tower of strength has left us, but he still speaks to us from the tomb. His whisper is again in our ears:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.
Be noble and the nobleness that
Lies in other men, sleeping, but
Never dead, will rise in majesty
To meet thine own.

My dirge hath ceased, my eyes are dim, my voice will soon be with the echoes. Let me close with a recitation of the immortal Thanatopsis, lines that will never die, a sermon in deathless verse that will sustain men and women in all the centuries to come with an unfaltering hope that they will meet their pilot face to face when they have crossed the bar. Wonderfully philosophical, they inspire one to dream and to think not only of the manly part we should play upon this earth, which

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JOHN NOLAN played out in the grand drama of life, but they inspire us to look beyond and to contemplate our journey into that new land of adventure, into that higher sphere of action, bravely, and embark as the gallant souls of the world would have us go. That vision of death would have immortalized William Cullen Bryant and added to the literature of the English-speaking people if he had never written anything else, though his other poems place his name high among the choice spirits of America :

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
O'er thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course, nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

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To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce they mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come

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And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

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Address by Representative Moores *Of Indiana*

MR. SPEAKER: When death has taken from us a friend whom we esteem and love, there remains only for us the sad but sweet privilege of laying flowers upon the grave of the dead. In that sense I want to pay a tribute to the memory of a trusted friend. JOHN NOLAN, as has been said again and again to-day, was an iron molder. He was, however, an educated man; not educated in the schools, but educated like Washington, like that Connecticut shoemaker, Roger Sherman, who helped draft the Declaration of Independence and to frame our Constitution; like Andrew Jackson, the great soldier; and like Abraham Lincoln, taught in the hard school of experience, and self-taught. But he was for all that an educated and cultivated man, with a broad knowledge of books and of men and of the world.

He came to Congress from a district which appreciated him. He came six times by a practically unanimous vote of his constituents. His district knew him and it trusted him. He represented not only the wage earners but every man in his great district, and he represented every citizen of his great State. He was broad enough and great enough and true enough to represent the whole country. We know it; and we who knew him loved him because he did it. He was wise; he was tactical; he was brave; he was truthful; he was

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loyal; and he knew men. He had the art of persuasion; he understood how to get results in this great body, where it is harder to get results for the individual than from anything on earth, but he got them.

He was in the Sixty-fifth Congress chairman of the Committee on Patents, a committee which requires technical knowledge and knowledge of mechanics, a knowledge of the law, a knowledge of invention, a knowledge of a great many things which are not common knowledge, and all of these JOHN NOLAN had and had taught himself. He was a great chairman of that committee. He left it to become chairman of the Committee on Labor, and he made a great chairman of the Committee on Labor.

When he was the ranking member of the Committee on Labor in the Sixty-sixth Congress he got through his minimum wage act; he got through many other bills in the interest of wage earners, which occupied much of his time and much of his effort; and yet, as chairman of the Committee on Patents, it was my privilege to go to him for the American Bar Association (being a member of one of its committees) to discuss with him certain laws which he himself drafted, which he himself introduced, and which he himself succeeded in persuading the House and the other body to enact into law that which the lawyer chairmen who had preceded him as chairmen of that committee had for 20 years failed in passing. Two or three laws passed in the Sixty-sixth Congress through the wisdom, knowledge of mankind and knowledge of

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mechanics and knowledge of human nature, tact, and diplomacy of JOHN NOLAN became laws and are the laws to-day, for which he is entitled to the credit, and which are a benefit to every citizen in America. He has done much for labor, he has done much for the whole country, and we honor him and love him for what he did. There is left to his widow, who sits with us to-day as his successor, and to his daughter the assurance that a Christian gentleman awaits them beyond the great divide. There is left to everyone of us the knowledge that you and I take pride in the fact that we knew and loved a brave, great, and good man.

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Address by Representative Barbour *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER: The career of Congressman JOHN I. NOLAN might serve as an inspiration to any young American. His was a typically American career. JOHN I. NOLAN at his birth was not endowed with the proverbial silver spoon. He first saw the light of day under circumstances similar to those of many of his countrymen. He was not born and did not grow to manhood amidst luxurious surroundings. The atmosphere of his birth and of his youth was such as to impress upon him the necessity of hard work in any undertaking and in the accomplishment of any worth-while end. JOHN NOLAN worked hard during his lifetime and won for himself honor and success. The opportunities that were his are the opportunities of every young American. What he accomplished others can accomplish by emulating his honesty, courage, and industry.

JOHN I. NOLAN loved his country and his fellow man. I once heard him say on the floor of this House that in no other country was the opportunity afforded for a man to rise as he had risen and to reach a position of trust and influence such as he had attained. In making that statement JOHN NOLAN was not glorifying himself. He was attesting his love and admiration for his country and the opportunities that it affords.

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I had learned to admire JOHN NOLAN before I knew him. When he was first elected to Congress I was impressed by his attitude toward legislation. As his career continued I was even more favorably impressed by his activities and the things for which he stood. When later I joined him as a Member of the California delegation in Congress I was glad to know personally the man whom I had already come to admire, and I soon counted him as one of my best friends in this House. He was ever graciously helpful, and his ideas and opinions were always enlightening.

JOHN I. NOLAN was one to whom the human element in legislation and government always appealed. He was the earnest advocate of laws which would better the conditions under which men and women labor and live. His heart was always with those who toil and bear the burdens of civilization. He sought to bring greater comfort and happiness into the lives of the people who labor. They have lost a real friend.

He was known as a spokesman of labor on this floor, and as such his record was one of accomplishment. His honesty and courage and withal his absolute fairness won for him the respect and admiration of every Member of this House. He was always broad-minded and generous, and his views were accepted, and he succeeded where a less tolerant advocate would have failed. He occupied a position of strength and honor in the Congress of the United States.

JOHN NOLAN's home life was in every way worthy of admiration. His love for and devotion

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to his wife and child and his consideration for their happiness and comfort evidenced his true character. He was a lover of athletic sports, and I recall with pleasure the occasions upon which I attended such events with him.

The esteem in which he was held by his constituents and the people of his State is made manifest by the positions of honor and trust that were conferred upon him. His elections to Congress, practically without opposition, attest the high regard in which he was held by his people and their confidence in him.

By his death the people of his district and the State of California have lost a worthy and capable Representative. Labor has lost an effective and honored advocate; the men and women who toil, a true and ardent friend. In the passing of JOHN I. NOLAN the Congress of the United States has lost a Member whose place will be difficult to fill. His work here will live long and men and women will be benefited because he lived and served in this House.

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Address by Representative Free *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER: For the fourth time since the elections of 1920 the angel of death has appeared at the door of the California delegation, and to-day we are here to honor the memory of one of those who has been taken. In a service of this kind we are face to face with death. Death is always accompanied with broken hearts and tears. It is always an occasion of sadness. Death, this thing that is universal, the thing that is just as certain to come to us as the fact that we are born; death, that has taken countless millions who have gone before, stands to us an unsolved problem, and although orators have declaimed and preachers have explained, somehow out of the distance we get but the echo that some day we will understand. It is always hard for those who are left; it is hard to understand why it was their loved one who was taken, as in the case of JOHN I. NOLAN, a man in the most vigorous manhood, mentally and physically, serving a human purpose, doing a good to this world, fond of his family, devoted husband and father. Yet the hand of death has fallen upon him. We might question whether it is right, whether it is just, why it is so. We might have our doubts about the fairness of the make-up of life, but if we turn for a moment in this winter season, when all is bleak and dark, do we throw away hope? Do we abandon ourselves to the

thought that never again will the flowers bloom? We are just as certain that after this cold, bleak, and barren winter has gone there will come awakening spring, and then will follow summer with its flowers, which in turn will wither in the fall, and again will winter come. Do we ever look upon the setting sun in the west and doubt that again on the morrow it will rise in the east? Do we ever look into the great firmament of heaven and see the myriads of stars and not wonder at the amazing regularity of it all? If we would but think of these things we must realize that above and beyond our own minds and fancies there is a great and controlling power that directs our activities, as it directs all the affairs of life.

I feel that in some way the eyes that have been washed with tears will come to have a clearer vision of the beauty of holiness and of service and of God. I saw in the gallery to-day a loyal Californian, Doctor Wilbur, president of the great Leland Stanford Junior University, and as I saw him here it brought to my mind one of the great things that came out of grief and suffering. Senator and Mrs. Stanford were perhaps in their early life in a way a bit self-satisfied. They had all of the world's goods that they wanted. God gave to them a son. In educating that son they took him to Europe that he might have every advantage of travel. While there the lad was stricken with fever and their boy was taken away from them. Then it was and over his bier that they declared they would give to the children of California an opportunity to make something of themselves in

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life, and they gave up their fortunes to that end. I well remember the time when on account of a legal situation that had arisen Mrs. Stanford took the very jewels from her breast and pawned them in order that the university might be kept open. I remember when she dismissed her help in order that she might devote the funds she had to that great institution. So I say, my friends, that out of this thing called death, this thing we can not understand, and out of aching hearts come some of the greatest things and the greatest treasures and the greatest thoughts of life.

So, JOHN I. NOLAN is gone. He was born in the city of San Francisco, overlooking San Francisco Bay, out upon the great Pacific, born there in a land that he always loved, born, as has been said to-day, with no great advantage for a youth.

At the age of 9 he could have been seen as a cash boy in a San Francisco department store. At the age of 20 he was an iron molder, standing well in his trade. At that time he had seen the human side of life and had determined that through organization his coworkers might succeed, and this boy of 20 was making his way to recognition in the union to which he belonged. What might have been considered his goal was reached in 1912, when he was elected secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council. Another goal was attained when in 1911 he was appointed to the board of supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco, but no, his goal had not been reached, and in 1913 he was elected a Member of Congress. As has been said here to-day, he was reelected to the

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Sixty-fourth, the Sixty-fifth, the Sixty-sixth, the Sixty-seventh, and to the Congress that has not yet come into existence. When he came here he did not abandon the thoughts of his younger life, but he sought a place upon the Committee on Labor, where he thought he might do good for those with whom he had labored and whose problems he understood, and it was the crowning ambition of his life when he ultimately became chairman of that committee.

He has always remained a member of the board of the International Molders' Union; never did he turn away from the occupation of his early youth. He was always proud of the fact that he had come up by effort. It is difficult to describe a man of the type of JOHN NOLAN. He was fearless, he was never afraid to say what he thought, he was forceful, he was gracious, he was well informed and observing. He was one of the hardest fighters I have ever known, and yet he was one of the kindest and one of the most humane men it has ever been my privilege to meet. He always espoused the cause of the distressed and those who needed help. He was always helping those who were not as fortunate as he had been.

His home life was ideal. No hours of his life were so happy as when he was in that home. It was in this very Hall, when the Queen of Belgium sat in the gallery and called for his little daughter to come to her, that he had one of the happiest moments of his life. He was loyal to the State in which he was born; he loved it. He advanced its interests. May I conclude with just

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these few words and in them epitomize the life work of JOHN I. NOLAN:

When your life of toil is over,
And you've done all you can do,
Did you treat the other fellow
As you would have him treat you?

If you did, your life's a blessing,
For how often we forget
To meet the other fellow
As we wish to be met.

Address by Representative Lea
Of California

MR. SPEAKER: Mr. NOLAN took an active interest in all legislation coming before Congress during his membership here. Naturally alert and interested in public affairs generally, he took his part with other Members in all matters of general interest. However, the outstanding feature in the congressional career of Mr. NOLAN was his devotion to the cause of the man who toils. Mr. NOLAN himself reached mature manhood in the ranks of labor. He understood the human, practical, and life problems of the men who toil. The cause of labor, the ideals for which the laboring men may legitimately aspire, found sympathetic, jealous support in the heart and mind of Mr. NOLAN. His aggressive espousal of the cause of labor placed him in a position of leadership in labor's cause.

Before Mr. NOLAN came to Congress, however, he had a background of experience in public affairs that prepared him for the larger duties and opportunities that congressional membership afforded. He had the sympathy, understanding, and devotion to the laboring man's cause. He had the experience, tactfulness, and sense of proportion that can be gained only by contact with men in the broader affairs of life.

Mr. NOLAN represented one of the strongest labor districts in the United States. By training, disposition, and duty he became peculiarly a missionary

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advocate and defender of labor in the Halls of Congress. Experience has shown that such is a difficult responsibility. Ordinarily the Member who is so committed to the advocacy of an especial cause finds it difficult to maintain his prestige in this House and avoid extreme and impossible positions that detract from his ultimate usefulness. But now, when the career of Mr. NOLAN is ended, it is the unanimous judgment of the membership of this House that he pursued a course unquestionably loyal to those he represented and gave a service useful and effective not only in their behalf but to his country generally.

What is this cause of labor to which Mr. NOLAN was devoted? It is an old cause, a great cause. Six centuries ago laborers were serfs, denied the privilege of working for wages, and the right to their labor passed with the transfer of the lands of their masters. The black death ran its course in England, and when its ravages ended more than half of the population had perished. In many instances masters of great estates, with all their heirs, had perished. Their serfs were released from their bondage for the lack of a master. Under these circumstances our system of free and competitive labor originated. Still for great periods of time the free right of labor to contract or compete or combine for higher wages was limited or contested by law.

Mr. NOLAN knew that for a century or more the effective cause of the workingman's advancement has been organized labor. He knew that it was largely through the cooperative efforts of laboring

men that better working conditions had been provided, that sanitary and safety equipment and appliances have been required by law, and that through such united efforts labor has received a larger proportion of its product. Mr. NOLAN knew that organized labor had given to the individual workingman a higher degree of respect and new strength for his advancement and the redress of his wrongs.

Mr. NOLAN espoused labor's cause not because it furnished an easy opportunity of self-promotion but because of his deep conviction of its merits. In his devotion to the cause of labor, to any cause, and to his friends, his effort was ever characterized by the sincerity and positive loyalty of an upstanding man.

The conflict of labor into which Mr. NOLAN entered, as I have indicated, is not a new one. It is not one that is soon going to be ended. To a considerable degree what labor secures in the way of more favorable conditions and better wages is gained at the expense of the employer. The advancement of labor means a different division of the products of labor, the employer taking less and the employee taking more. There is a conflict of interest that is inherent and that can not be eliminated by any legislation or administrative provisions. Organized society may justly restrain each and protect innocent, nonparticipating third parties affected by resulting controversies. Manifestly each side should be justly restrained. Employment can not continue without appropriate return, and labor, too, is entitled to a fair

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proportion of that return; but that is beside the question of this hour. Sufficient to say that labor has had a real cause and rights to be advocated and defended. Of those Mr. NOLAN made himself a champion.

If we judge organized labor only by its mistakes, it would be utterly condemned; but, like all other movements, that organization must be judged as we judge an individual man. The average man does good; he inflicts wrongs; he makes mistakes; he is sometimes ungrateful; he neglects opportunities; sometimes he is cruel in his judgment of others; sometimes he lacks courage to do his duty; selfishness may sometimes dominate his motives. These faults are all chargeable to the average man, but on the whole he has been a good husband and father, a useful man and a good citizen. We grant him two sides of the ledger; we subtract his deficiencies and judge him by his aggregate worth. Mr. NOLAN sought to be the advocate of the just causes of labor. He sought to avoid and minimize its mistakes and contribute to its just success. He, too, like all men, might err in his judgment; but he well earned the tribute due those who have the fidelity and the courage to perform their duty as it was given to them to see it. Those who knew him best appreciated him most. We may justly claim for him a high place of appreciation in our memories.

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Address by Representative Swing *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER: It is not easy for me to find words to express the promptings of my heart when I rise to speak in honor of the memory of a man I loved. JOHN I. NOLAN was my friend, and the friendship of such a man was worth while having, for he was a real friend. No one in his presence could speak disparagingly of a friend of his without at once evoking a vigorous reply. To some he may have seemed to have had a rough and rugged exterior, but if so, it only partly concealed a heart as big, as warm, and as tender as ever beat in the breast of any man. It is easy to praise him, for all who knew him speak well of him, even those who differed most sharply with him in his views on public questions. And yet JOHN NOLAN never trimmed his sails for any man. He was a natural born fighter, for his whole life is the story of a constant uphill fight. I have never seen on the floor of this House a better example of an upstanding, outspoken, hard-hitting, two-fisted fighter. And yet he always fought fair and in the open. He was so honorable and aboveboard in his dealings, he was so sincere and conscientious in his convictions, that he won the respect and esteem of even those who opposed him most.

Early in life he was thrown on his own resources and left to make his own way in the world. Thus he came to this Chamber without having had many

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of those early advantages that most Members have been privileged to enjoy. But he was a rugged and sturdy oak and possessed enduring qualities that soon made him one of the outstanding figures of this House.

In these legislative halls he soon became the recognized leader of labor, from whose ranks he sprang, and the toiling, inarticulate masses who work with their hands never had a more loyal and faithful friend, a more valiant defender, and a more zealous and forceful advocate. And yet while he was sent here as the representative of labor, he took no narrow or partisan view of the issues that affected the welfare of the Nation, but charted his course by a compass which indicated where the best interests of the whole people lie. He was big enough, broad enough, and statesman-like enough that when he differed with the labor organizations, as he sometimes did, as to the wise course to pursue, he did not hesitate to tell them, and if he was unable to persuade them to his way of thinking, he followed the course dictated by his own conscience.

We have all had frequent occasions to admire his courage and devotion to his cause and observe with what tenacity he stood up for the things he believed to be right, unmoved by the fact that the crowd thought otherwise, and having once chosen his ground, he stood there, undismayed, even though alone, buttressed about by the consciousness that he was doing the right as God gave him the light to see it. Would that there were more men to serve their country like JOHN NOLAN

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did! In his untimely death the State of California has lost an honored Representative, labor a champion, and the Nation a statesman. It was a just and fitting tribute to his memory and a proper token of the love and esteem in which he was held by the people who knew him best that on his death his constituency should have promptly and by a large majority chosen his widow, whom we all know and respect, to fill his place and to carry on the work to which his life had been dedicated.

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Address by Representative MacLafferty
Of California

Mr. SPEAKER: It would seem that further words on the subject of our friend and colleague would be simple verbiage, but I do want to express one thought here that will apply in the case of all of our colleagues, and I wish, if possible, that my remarks be made particularly to apply in the ceremonies for JOHN I. NOLAN and Mr. Osborne. You know, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, I believe that those men are just as busy now as when they were here. To me anything else would seem to be but a ghastly joke, and I refuse to think that a man who has come up from boyhood through hardships, a man who has been taught by adversity, by hard knocks, and reaches his maturity and is called on—I refuse to believe that he has entered into the mansions of rest, or that he has gone to oblivion. But I believe he is but carrying on the work for which he was fitting himself. I can not believe anything else. And I think I know enough about JOHN I. NOLAN, and I think I know enough about Henry Z. Osborne to know that somewhere they are busy doing the work that they prepared themselves for when among us. That has been a belief of mine for a long time, and I am going to repeat just a few lines—I am going to offer them—as a tribute to these two men, and as a thought which I hope will be a consoling one to those who mourn, because most of our mourning is selfish;

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we mourn most for ourselves. Who of us would, if he had the power allowed him, call back one who has gone on?

It is not fitting I should seek thee, Death;
And yet 'tis seemly I should welcome thee
When thou shalt call, and greet thee as a friend.
And kindlier is my thought of thee, because
For years I feared, misjudged, misunderstood
Thy meaning, nor did comprehend the boon
So oft conferred by thee.

Thus being held
Before my sight a terror, sund'ring wide,
Dissolving tend'rest ties, I heard thee called
"Grim Reaper," a "Destroying Angel"; so,
I feared to look upon the face of one
On whom thy hand was laid. I shunned to walk
E'en near the brink, to dart a furtive glance
Into the self-created gloom we call
The Valley of thy Shadow.

Now I know
Thee as thou truly art. Methinks I see
Thee through the eyes of those who long have prayed
That thou wouldst come to end a hopeless day
Of pain, unending till relieved by thee.
And I have watched beside the bed of one
Whose years were many, and whose light had burned
So deep within its socket that the flame
Itself appeared the shadow of a flame.
Each new-born day I saw him grieve because
Thy wings had not been folded o'er his couch
For one sweet moment, then thy flight renewed,
His weary spirit borne by thee afar
To other worlds, and hope for better things.
And I have seen thee fold in thy embrace
A form so fair my words could ill describe
Her beauty; yet where dwelt a soul who longed

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To be away with thee; who saw the sea
Of years ahead, then saw the dream of life
A shattered wreck along its breaking shore,
And shrank to breast the storm.
And when thou cam'st
To her I saw the answering smile o'erspread
Her face and heard her answer unafraid.
Yea, Death! To hosts unnumbered has thou been
A messenger of light, an angel fair
Of mercy. Thou hast freed the hopeless slave,
And ended weary exile by thy touch.
The martyr at the stake hath prayed for thee,
And happy in his torture, raised his song
Because of thine approach.

So, Angel Death,
Though life is sweet, and while I seek thee not,
I pray that I may yet abide thy call
In perfect peace; in calm tranquillity
Of soul; while not rejoicing, yet as bold
To go as to remain. As glad to solve
The riddle as to blindly thread its maze;
And with abiding faith that I may trust,
As now, so then, the One whose messenger
Thou art, to lead me through the open gates
Of immortality.

Mr. BARBOUR. Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Burke] had hoped to be present to-day and pay a tribute to the memory of Congressman NOLAN. He has, however, been detained to-day by illness, and I ask unanimous consent that he be allowed to extend his remarks, if that request is necessary.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it is so ordered.

There was no objection.

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Address by Representative Burke *Of Pennsylvania*

Mr. SPEAKER: We have assembled here to-day to pay tribute to the memory of one of California's noblest sons and one of America's great statesmen, JOHN I. NOLAN.

Summoned to his eternal home in the very prime of life, JOHN NOLAN went to his Maker with a record of untold good and of duty well and faithfully performed.

A man of ability; a man of integrity, he commanded the respect and admiration of everyone with whom he came in contact. Emanating from the great throbbing masses of humanity, he still in high life remained part of the masses, and was true to the cause of the masses. Actuated by high ideals, animated by lofty purposes, JOHN NOLAN stood out a commanding figure in the work of the Nation. On the floor of this House he was ever found fighting for the cause of justice and righteousness. Where principle was involved, where justice to the common people was concerned, there was no compromise with NOLAN, and those of us who served with him here and heard his voice knew when he spoke he advocated the cause of justice.

Mr. Barbour assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

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Address by Representative Curry *Of California*

MR. SPEAKER: There are times when words fail to express the feelings of the heart and the sentiments of the mind. This is one of those occasions for me. I knew JOHN I. NOLAN intimately and well from his boyhood to the time of his death. We were friends, companions, and associates during all those years, and I never knew a better, a truer, a more conscientious, or a more loyal man in private or in public life.

It has been said that republics are ungrateful. JOHN I. NOLAN's career refutes that statement and proves that the people are delighted to honor with their trust and preferment trustworthy and dependable men, such as he. His constituents, his State, his country, and humanity suffered a personal loss in what seems to us his untimely death.

JOHN I. NOLAN was born in San Francisco, Calif., January 14, 1874, being the son of James and Sarah Nolan. His parents were honest, sober, industrious, God-fearing people. His father was unexcelled in his line of work. He was a good provider. His family was loving and harmonious. James and Sarah Nolan were consistent members of the Catholic Church and by example and precept they raised their children as good Christians. The faith of his fathers JOHN I. NOLAN carried with him through life with an unquestioning belief. He lived and died a good Christian, devoting his

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extraordinary talents to bettering the mental, moral, and material conditions of the wage earner and in advocating and initiating humanitarian legislation.

He received a common-school education in the public schools of San Francisco. At the age of 9 he was for a time employed as a cash boy; at 14 he entered the molding trade as an apprentice and became so expert that he had no superior at his trade. As soon as he was eligible he became a member of the molders' union. His extraordinary talents as an organizer and harmonizer, his ability in debate, his logical mind, and his fund of accurate information on industrial conditions were soon recognized by his associates and he was elected secretary of the local union of the craft and later an officer of the International Molders' Union of North America, which latter position he held for 14 years and until his death.

For a number of years he was secretary and legislative agent of the San Francisco Labor Council. In that capacity he advocated, supported, or initiated much of the humanitarian legislation on the statute books of California, and which has caused that State to be recognized as one of the most progressive States in the world. His first public office was that of supervisor, to which he was appointed by Mayor P. H. McCarthy in 1911 to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of J. P. McLaughlin, who had been appointed State labor commissioner by Governor (now Senator) Hiram W. Johnson. Mayor McCarthy had been elected on the labor ticket. He was one of the organizers of the building trades council and was its president from its

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organization until 1922, when he refused to be a candidate for reelection and retired. He made a great mayor, one of the best San Francisco has ever had. There were many candidates for the vacant supervisorship, but JOHN I. NOLAN was not one of the number. He was surprised when the position was offered to him, but he accepted and his appointment was pleasing to all. Labor and capital were both satisfied, and even those who had sought the appointment commended the mayor's action.

JOHN I. NOLAN never encouraged a strike. He knew they were occasionally necessary, but believed a strike was only justifiable after all other recourses had failed. He settled many strikes and threatened strikes. In those settlements the rights of labor were always protected, but he was so eminently fair and just, and he had the confidence of employer and employee to such an extent that in the end both sides to the controversy accepted his decision as an arbitrator.

As a supervisor JOHN I. NOLAN made good. He performed his duty with courage, ability, and with incorruptible honesty. He soon became a leader in the board. He studied and mastered the details of the city's business, and was the friend and defender of the common people. He soon had a state-wide reputation as an authority on municipal government.

In 1911 the Legislature of California reapportioned the congressional districts of the State on the basis of the 1910 census. A new district—the fifth—was carved out of a portion of San Francisco. The people, by an overwhelming majority, nomi-

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nated JOHN I. NOLAN as their Representative in Congress as a Republican and Progressive at the 1912 primary. He was elected by an immense majority at the general election in November of that year and was reelected every two years thereafter by increased majorities, usually without serious opposition.

Last year while confined to his bed with a fatal illness he was renominated and reelected a Representative to the Sixty-eighth Congress without opposition on any ticket. At the organization of the Sixty-third Congress he was made a member of the Committees on Labor, Patents, Insular Affairs, and Woman Suffrage, of which committees he continued to be a member until his death. During this Congress he was also a member of the powerful partisan steering committee. He from the first took an active interest in legislation and particularly in matters referred to those committees. He took a great interest in legislation affecting the Philippines and our other insular possessions, assisted materially in reporting and passing the nineteenth or so-called woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution and in humanitarian and labor bills referred to the Committee on Labor. The reporting and passing of much of the beneficial legislation referred to that committee was due to his untiring efforts and able arguments. He initiated many of the humanitarian laws now on the statute books of the Nation. He made an unremitting fight against child labor, for laws providing for the welfare of women in industry, for his \$3-a-day minimum Federal wage bill, and for that portion

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of the Federal employees that are underpaid. During the last two years of his life he was chairman of the Committee on Labor of the House; during the previous term he had been the chairman of the Committee on Patents.

JOHN I. NOLAN was born with an iron constitution. He was mentally, morally, and physically strong, but his unceasing and tireless work for the people overtaxed his strength, strong man as he was. For years he was in failing health, but when his friends and physicians advised him to take a rest and recover his health he replied that his duty to the people and to labor was of more importance than his health, and he continued his work for them as long as his physical strength would permit. Three months before his death he became so weak and sick that his wife took him home to San Francisco, where he died November 18, 1922.

JOHN I. NOLAN was a hero, a martyr to duty; by overwork in the line of duty he sacrificed his life for the welfare of the working classes of his country and of the world. He was the great leader of labor in Congress and was at the same time one of the foremost statesmen in the country—ready, plausible, insistent, tireless, and fair in debate.

His minimum wage bill and the child labor amendment to the Constitution he did not live to see enacted; but his minimum wage bill passed the House three times and a child labor law was enacted twice, both to be held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. We regret he was not spared long enough to see the fruition of his labor, for the

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ultimate success of both measures are morally certain.

While not unexpected, his death was a shock to Congress and to the people of his native city and State. He was buried on Wednesday, November 22, with impressive military and civic honors, in which city, State, and Nation joined. The body lay in state at the city hall, with military and police guards of honor. The Nation's and the city's tributes were expressed in addresses by United States Senator Hiram W. Johnson and by Hon. James Rolph, jr., mayor of San Francisco. Religious services were held later at St. Mary's Cathedral, where a requiem high mass for the repose of the soul of the dead was celebrated by Archbishop Edward J. Hanna. It was one of the most impressive and largest attended funerals ever held in San Francisco. The interment was in Holy Cross Cemetery, in San Mateo County. Among the mourners were members of the Molders' Union, Knights of Columbus, Loyal Order of Moose, Twin Peaks Parlor Native Sons of the Golden West, and the Hibernians, and the leading business, labor, newspaper, and professional men and officials of the city, State, and Nation.

JOHN I. NOLAN was married to Miss Mae Ella Hunt at San Francisco March 23, 1913. To them was born in the city of Washington on March 3, 1914, a daughter, Corlis Theresa. They were a congenial couple. Mr. and Mrs. NOLAN's married life was ideal and was a model of felicity and love. She was intimately associated with him in all his work. She was a helpmate, indeed; and it was a

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fitting tribute to our departed colleague and to Mrs. Nolan that without any solicitation on her part—in fact, against her earnest protest—his constituents insisted on electing her to fill his unexpired term in the Sixty-seventh Congress and also to the Sixty-eighth Congress, believing her to be the best equipped of any person in the district to carry on his work. Her sister, Mrs. Theresa Glynn, was secretary of the Committee on Labor and thus associated with Mr. NOLAN in his work in Congress. She will be her sister's secretary and assist her in her congressional work.

The Members of the House of Representatives know Mrs. Nolan. They are her friends; they know her worth and ability and how intimately she was connected with her husband's work. As a tribute to her as well as a tribute to him who has gone she has been elected a member of the Committee on Labor so that she may be in a position to carry on his work for labor and for mankind.

JOHN I. NOLAN was one of the most courageous and kindest of men. Always ready to fight for the right as he saw the right, always ready to help those who needed help, and always ready and willing to do a kindness, he was tireless in doing good. He spent himself and sacrificed his life for others, and when he passed the shores of the dark river of death he was undoubtedly welcomed on the eternal shore of peace and bliss with the greeting—

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

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For his bereaved widow and family and his orphaned daughter the Members of the House of Representatives offer their sympathy and unite with them in their sorrow.

Farewell friend, companion, and colleague; may you rest in peace.

Mr. CURRY. Mr. Speaker, I have letters from Senators Johnson and Shortridge, of California; from Mr. Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor; and from Mr. William M. Doak, vice president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, who were all close friends of Mr. NOLAN, and I wish to insert them with my remarks in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, that will be done.

There was no objection.

Following are the letters referred to:

UNITED STATES SENATE,
COMMITTEE ON PATENTS,
February 24, 1923.

Hon. CHARLES F. CURRY,

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR CONGRESSMAN CURRY: I regret exceedingly that I can not be with you Sunday in the memorial exercises for the late JOHN I. NOLAN.

JOHN I. NOLAN's rugged character, his love of fair play, his refusal to count the cost in any contest against wrong or intrenched dishonesty, his high purpose, his unerring instinct for justice, his ability and intrepidity in fighting the good fight for the right won him the almost unanimous support of those he represented and the love of those of us privileged to know him intimately. He was

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of the people and, though he walked with the great, he never lost his touch with those from whom he came. Faithful to his trust he ever was; valiantly true to just folks and to himself. In the passing of JOHN NOLAN California has lost a commanding figure, a Congressman of rare fidelity and accomplishment; the Nation has lost one of its ablest and most patriotic sons; the people have lost an aggressive, fearless champion. JOHN I. NOLAN's name is written indelibly in the hearts of the men and women and children who needed aid and hope, and who never failed to obtain it from him. With you, I pay the last sad loving tribute to him.

Sincerely,

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.



UNITED STATES SENATE,
COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
February 25, 1923.

Hon. CHARLES F. CURRY,
House of Representatives.

DEAR MR. CURRY: In the death of JOHN I. NOLAN California loses an honored and beloved citizen and the fifth district a splendid Representative. His life was a life of duty done, and he deserved the confidence reposed in him by the thousands who knew his worth. Our early and chance acquaintance ripened into friendship unbroken. He possessed qualities of mind and heart that inspired confidence and love. He was the true friend and intrepid champion of human labor and strove to aid its cause. His own life was an example and an inspiration, and his career a tribute to our country.

I join with you and others in regret and sorrow over his untimely departure, but comforted by the hope and belief that she who loved him most will be able to carry on his work.

I have the honor to be,
Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE.

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TRIBUTE TO JOHN I. NOLAN BY SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

No tribute in words at this time can constitute too full a recognition of the services so freely and ably rendered in the cause of humanity by JOHN I. NOLAN.

During his entire active life he was a consistent champion of every constructive effort which had for its purpose the improvement of life and labor for the masses of all people.

His untimely passing from the sphere of human activity came during his tenth year of service in the United States House of Representatives. Those whom he had so long represented had just returned him to his seat with a magnificent vote of confidence.

What his friends and associates in the trade-union movement find most difficult to realize is, however, not his loss from the Halls of the National Legislature but his departure from the ranks of the trade-union movement itself. Until his death he was a member of the executive board of the International Molders' Union of North America. This office with him was not one of mere honorary recognition, but it was one to which he gave the most active attention until the very end.

He participated in the affairs of labor as faithfully, as actively, and as earnestly as though he still worked at his trade. He was a conscientious and thoroughgoing trade-unionist throughout.

His service in behalf of underpaid employees of the Government will long be remembered by them. In furtherance of their just cause he made a pioneer and effective effort.

His patriotic services to the country in its hour of supreme need will long be remembered, and these alone would commend his memory to all who revere human devotion to high principles. He was in every respect high minded and fearless. He was loyal to his principles and to his friends; to his opponents he was fair, but unyielding in principle. He brought his splendid, manly characteristics into every activity and into every

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sphere of life into which he was led by his wide and humane impulses and interests.

For my own part I can not fail to express a keen personal feeling of great loss. JOHN NOLAN was my warm friend and in so many projects my colleague and collaborator.

All trade-unionists who knew JOHN NOLAN, and particularly those who were intimately associated with his life and work in the cause of labor, justice, freedom, and humanity and in public life will remember him as a type of trade-unionist of whom our movement is proud and in whose service and achievement it rejoices. His life was a life of service and devotion. His ideals deserve emulation.

His loss is irreparable but his life's work constitutes a memorial of magnificence and permanency. The trade-union movement, in sorrow, gives tribute to his memory.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

Mr. CURRY. William M. Doak, vice president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, a close personal friend of Mr. NOLAN, has handed me the following, which I will insert in the Record:

My close association and intimate personal friendship with Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN has indelibly impressed me as to his sterling worth to his country and in particular his devotion to the interests of the great masses of our people. He was fair, honest, and reasonable, yet extremely manly and courageous in his convictions. He had his country's interests above all others and could not be swayed nor changed in his course as a representative of the people. The American labor movement, of which he was a lifelong member, has lost not only a consistent member but a tower of strength for good in its cause. He never was a radical but believed in conservative and orderly means to accomplish his aims and almost invariably won by such methods. His passing means the loss

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to his country of a patriot, to his family of a model husband and father, to the labor movement an ardent supporter of the rights of the masses, and to his associates, both in public and private life, a loyal friend and companion. We all loved, honored, and respected him and greatly mourn his loss.

I have also received a tribute to Mr. NOLAN from Mr. Cooper of Ohio, who was unexpectedly called out of town yesterday. I ask that it also be included in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

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Address by Representative Cooper *Of Ohio*

Mr. SPEAKER: When I came to Washington in 1915 as a Member of the Sixty-fourth Congress one of the first Members of the House of Representatives with whom I became acquainted was our departed friend, JOHN I. NOLAN, whose life and service we commemorate here to-day.

There have been few men that I have known in my life for whom I have had greater respect than JOHN I. NOLAN. At all times I found him an honest, trustworthy friend who was ready to make any sacrifice to help others. He came from the common people. From his early boyhood days until he came to Congress he earned his living by the sweat of his brow. Early in his young manhood he became affiliated with organized labor, first as a private in the ranks and then working his way up until he attained the high position of an officer in one of the great international labor unions of our country.

JOHN I. NOLAN's loyalty to the working men and women of his country is best expressed by his untiring efforts in their behalf during his service in Congress. In this connection I would like to add a word to what has already been said by thousands who mourn his passing. I know that the laboring men and women of the United States never had a stancher friend than Congressman NOLAN.

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Speaking for myself, I want to say that I consider the death of JOHN I. NOLAN as a great personal loss. For he was my true and loyal friend and on many occasions he assisted me in such a manner as to make my pathway more pleasant and easier to travel. His life, his sterling honesty and integrity, his love for his fellow man, have been inspirations to me.

Mr. Speaker, I desire to have inserted as part of my remarks an article on the life and service of JOHN I. NOLAN, by Thomas F. Flaherty, which appears in the Union Postal Clerk of December, 1922.

CONGRESSMAN NOLAN, OF CALIFORNIA, PASSES ON—DEATH ENDS BRILLIANT CAREER OF LABOR LEADER

[By Thomas F. Flaherty]

Congressman JOHN I. NOLAN, of California, beloved throughout the country because of his vigorous advocacy of legislation beneficial to the workers, died in San Francisco on November 18. While we mourn the life of a friend, we may find comfort in the fact that of such men as JOHN I. NOLAN little is taken away by death. Their spirit and character live after them and in the contemplation of their lives we feel the force and truth of Webster's words:

"How little there is of the great and good that can die. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in all the recorded proofs of their actions; in the offsprings of their intellects; and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live and will live in the influence which their lives and their efforts, their principles, and their opinions exercise and will continue to exercise on the affairs of men."

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Congressman NOLAN was widely known as the spokesman for organized labor in the House. He endeared himself particularly to Government employees by his fearless exposure of deficiencies in Government wage standards and his fight for the needed remedy, an adequate minimum wage.

The life history of JOHN NOLAN reads like an Horatio Alger story. At the age of 9 he was a cash boy in a San Francisco department store. At 20 he was an iron molder and already showing his mettle in the affairs of his local and international union. It was in the labor movement that JOHN NOLAN developed his great talents. His ability was recognized first by his immediate associates, who chose him as their business agent. This work brought him in contact with other unionists and he was later elected secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council. His first political position came to him as an appointment from Mayor McCarthy, another laborite, to membership on the board of supervisors in San Francisco.

With a background of years of activity in labor and municipal affairs in his home city JOHN NOLAN came into national political life in March, 1913, as a Member of the Sixty-third Congress, elected as a Progressive. He was reelected to each succeeding Congress since then. The universally high esteem in which he was held by his constituency is evidenced by his unanimous reelection as the nominee of both political parties in the recent election.

The same high purpose and unimpeachable character—a character resting upon a foundation laid deep in human love—which carried JOHN NOLAN upward in the labor movement brought him still wider recognition in the larger forum of the National Congress. With the passing of the Progressive Party as a political unit Congressman NOLAN aligned himself with the Republicans. But he was never a narrow political partisan; he was partisan only to principles.

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In the House he sought and secured membership on the Labor Committee, knowing that it offered him the best opportunity to carry out his purpose to advocate legislation bettering the working conditions of the wage earners. In the Sixty-seventh Congress he reached his goal, the chairmanship of the Labor Committee. There also came to him the honor of a place on the select steering committee of the House, the committee that maps out the legislative program of the party in power.

But no political honors, no matter how high they might be, could induce him to sever his direct contact with the labor movement. He retained until his death his membership on the executive board of the International Molders' Union and attended regularly its meetings.

The foregoing outline of this remarkable man's life history tells inadequately the real story. How cold are words. I would like to speak of JOHN NOLAN as my friend. The past nine years I have known him intimately. I have watched closely this big and brave and generous and wholesome man as he met the storms of life. He never flinched from any task. His intimates loved him for his humanness.

His first reaction to the manner in which the Government transacted its routine business was typical of JOHN NOLAN and shows his outstanding attribute—a passion for justice and fair play. While other new Members of the Sixty-third Congress marveled at the beauty and size of the magnificent public buildings, all evidencing the Nation's wealth and security and greatness, the California laborite began studying the working conditions surrounding the humble toilers who were retained to care for the buildings and to work in them at the multifarious tasks incidental to the conduct of governmental affairs. From the facts developed by this investigation came his intense interest in the question of Government pay standards.

In the eyes of many these inconspicuous Government workers were as inanimate and as impersonal as the furniture or equipment. To JOHN NOLAN they were human

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beings, with the same ideals and aspirations as other normal humans. "Not in its parks or buildings or statues will our Nation find greatness, but in its men and women," was his retort to the banter of associates who, lacking his vision and sympathy, could see no necessity for concern at the old practice of governmental exploitation of helpless workers.

While many of his associates in Congress would frequently wax eloquent in their support of measures for the relief of peoples in remote corners of the world, Congressman NOLAN's pointed suggestion that the United States first assume a more sympathetic mandate over its own employees met with no wild acclaim. There was no romance or glamour in the job of fixing adequate wage standards for charwomen or elevator operators. But JOHN NOLAN was not disturbed by the fact that he had to start single handed the fight for higher Government pay standards. He introduced his bill; he conducted hearings. For the first time in the history of our Nation a committee of Congress listened sympathetically to the sordid details of the lives of the submerged Government workers. Congressman NOLAN succeeded in his objective—he directed public attention sharply to a condition that needed remedying.

The printed hearings on the Nolan minimum wage bill have been called "The Book of Heart Throbs." Quite appropriately it has been said:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Congressman NOLAN was largely instrumental in the formation of the organization of Government employees that has evolved into the National Federation of Federal Employees. In his district in San Francisco the first unit of the organization was formed. Repeatedly I have heard him tell audiences of Government employees, "You can help yourselves through intelligent organized effort more

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than I or any other Member of Congress can help you. You must collectively advertise the existence of a human element in the Government service. Only in this way can you arouse and keep informed a sympathetic public opinion, which is your safeguard against oppression or worse—industrial oblivion.”

The Nolan \$3 minimum wage bill passed the House three times only to be defeated in the Senate by a small group of reactionaries. But its underlying principle—the fixing of \$1,080 as a minimum wage for Government employees—has been accepted and is embodied in the pending reclassification bill, which appears assured of early passage by the present Congress.

As spokesman for the labor group in the House Congressman NOLAN's influence was a great force in shaping remedial legislation. Dozens of his fellow legislators, regardless of party affiliation, followed his lead without question. His steadiness, his integrity, and his wide knowledge of industrial subjects brought him into a sort of unofficial leadership of the progressive forces in Congress. One Congressman, a Democrat from the South, recently said to me, “My name is after JOHN NOLAN's on the House roll call. I always vote as he does on labor measures, knowing I can not go wrong in following his judgment.”

Occupying a conspicuous place on the wall in his office in the House Office Building is a framed envelope bearing the address, “Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, somewhere in the good old U. S. A.” Congressman NOLAN was in Arizona when the letter was delivered directly to him. It was sent by the late Daniel C. Slattery, a member of Local No. 2, N. F. P. O. C. The Congressman always pointed to it as evidence of the efficiency of a postal system that could deliver a letter so indefinitely addressed. He did not realize that his name was nationally known because of his sturdy insistence that the rights of the humble and lowly be recognized. He was not conscious that his faithful service and inspiring deeds were exerting a good influence throughout the land.

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It is hard to write of JOHN NOLAN's life. There is so much to tell, and yet in the telling so much is lost. He was a delightful companion. How he hated hypocrisy. As an antidote to the boasting of a social climber or a descendant of a "first family," he loved to tell in company of his experiences as a young molder, out of employment and riding the "rods" or foraging for food.

In his family circle he was ideally happy. A loving wife and idolized young daughter were always his first concern. One of the proudest moments of his life was the occasion when the Queen of Belgium, from her place in the House gallery, saw little Miss Nolan seated with her father and requested that the child be brought to her. The Queen complimented Miss Nolan, a beautiful golden-haired child with much of her daddy's winning personality, for having "brought the sunshine from California."

JOHN NOLAN has gone to a rich reward. He acted well his part in this life. The world is better for his example. His high character and great record of deeds well done have assured him an enduring place in the memory of men and eternal happiness in the beyond. Whatever a supreme being holds for the good he is now enjoying.

"Thou sleepest not, for now thy love hath wings
To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.
And often, from that other world, on this
Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,
To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
And clothe the right with luster more divine."

Mr. CURRY. Also our colleague from California [Mr. Kahn], who has been ill but who is getting better, as the membership of the House will be glad to hear, has prepared an address, and I ask that his tribute be inserted in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, that will be done.

There was no objection.

Address by Representative Kahn
Of California

MR. SPEAKER: Never could the encomium, "Well done, good and faithful servant," be more fittingly applied to the life work of any man than to our friend and colleague, JOHN I. NOLAN, to whose memory we pay our tribute to-day. In his death the people of the fifth congressional district of the State of California have lost an industrious, faithful, able Representative, and the country a man who gave freely of the best in him to whatever furthered the interests and welfare of the Nation.

For more than a decade, which embraced one of the most important epochs in our history, he held his place in this House. Almost instinctively he discerned the right or the wrong of any question, rarely his judgment at fault, and on his path as legislator ever shone the guiding star of rectitude.

Our friend had barely passed the meridian of life when the angel beckoned. At the very pinnacle of an abundant manhood he was stricken down. Yet death did not come to him until after a life replete with achievement.

From childhood, through all the years of adolescence and man's full estate, he faced the stern demands of toiling for his daily bread. When but 9 years of age he found employment as a cash boy in a San Francisco department store. By the time he reached 20 he was an iron molder and active in the affairs of local and international unions.

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He became not only an apostle but a protagonist of labor.

Men soon recognized his preeminent ability, his strength of purpose, his stern honesty of intention and action, his undeviating efforts to attain the end he aimed at. Where he led they were eager to follow. Withal he not only commanded respect but won the affection of all who were brought into close contact with him. In 1912 he was chosen secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council, and for 14 years he was an officer of the International Molders' Union of North America. The only political office he held prior to his advent here was as a member of the board of supervisors in San Francisco.

Mr. Speaker, the election of Mr. NOLAN to the Congress of the United States was the logical outgrowth of his association with and leadership among the sturdy workers who surrounded him day after day. They had learned to appreciate the clear thinking that showed in his daily conversation. They recognized the straightforwardness of his course in all the relations of life. It needed no effort on his part to inspire them with confidence in him. That grew spontaneously. They trusted him. They felt that their interests could not be confided to safer hands than his. And out of this trust grew love and devotion. How fully JOHN I. NOLAN deserved this trust and affection his whole career in this body bears witness.

The first mandate as a Representative in Congress came to him from the Progressive Republican constituency of his district. For his second term

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he carried the standards of the Progressive Republican and Democratic Parties. From his third term on to the end he is ranged with the Republican Party, but the remarkable fact is to be noted that in several of the successive elections he was the nominee of the Democrats as well as the Republicans of his district. In this we may again discern the most convincing proof of the confidence with which men regarded him irrespective of political affiliations. They must have felt that no matter how intricate the problems might be that would present themselves to JOHN I. NOLAN, his native good sense would discover the truth and his honesty would not permit him to take any but the straight path.

A brief diversion into the realm of moral and political speculation, Mr. Speaker, springs from the recital of the facts just narrated. Ours is a government by parties, and under divine dispensation the Nation has grown and prospered, no matter what party was at the helm for the time being. The old ship of state has weathered many a severe storm while at the helm stood Federalist or Whig, Democrat or Republican. In our cities, in our States, in congressional as well as in national elections, we have seen at various times the wiping out of party lines and the amalgamation of political bodies of opposing tendencies. In these occasional upheavals, Mr. Speaker, may we not discover the fundamental good sense of the American electorate, the discernment which enables it to cast aside a man for a principle? Is it not a sign of sound political morality that, as in JOHN I. NOLAN's case,

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Democrats placed in nomination a Republican whom they knew they could trust rather than one of their own party of whom they could not be sure? To my thinking, Mr. Speaker, this is a shining illustration of the native honesty of the American citizen and of his shrewdness in deciding when it is "better be sure than be sorry."

No more splendid tribute could have been paid to JOHN I. NOLAN than these repeated expressions of the confidence and trust reposed in him by his fellows; no greater testimonial of their affections could he have desired. They knew that, having been true to himself, he "could not then be false to any man." He had passed through the acid test of daily intercourse in the same field of labor under like conditions for all; not only figuratively but actually, physically, he and they together had passed through fiery furnaces. In those furnaces JOHN I. NOLAN molded the metal of his character and cast it into form. Need we wonder that men who stood side by side with him and saw this form expand under the hammer blows of life's turmoil felt secure in selecting and electing him to represent them in the Congress of the Nation?

From the very moment of his entering upon his activities in this House to the last day JOHN I. NOLAN ran true to form. It was a foregone conclusion that he would be assigned to the Committee on Labor, and there he did splendid, effective work. Of this some of his colleagues on that committee will speak more in detail. I will content myself with a general review of his efficient labors.

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From the very first he evinced great interest in the men and women of the lower grades of Government service. It is related that his attention and sympathy were first directed to the cleaners in the corridors of the House Office Building. This may or may not be true, but it would be so characteristic of JOHN I. NOLAN that I am more than ready to believe it. At any rate, he bent his efforts toward an increase in the pay of these most poorly paid of Uncle Sam's army of workers. It was but natural that his experience in the labor unions should lead him to favor similar organizations among Government employees. His desire to better their economic condition first found an outlet in his congressional district. There he advised the formation of associations of Government employees and there the movement was initiated which has resulted in the organization of the National Federation of Federal Employees. Throughout the length of his service in Congress he never failed to aid in every possible way. Several times he framed and introduced minimum wage bills. Three times such a bill passed the House of Representatives, only to be defeated in the Senate. The basic principle of these bills, however, the fixing of \$1,080 as a minimum wage for Government employees, has found a footing in the reclassification bill now pending and successful action on which is no longer in doubt.

When this measure shall have been placed on the statute books the name of JOHN I. NOLAN will be imperishably associated with it, for he may be said to have been its progenitor. Certainly he gave the

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first impulse to the movement of which the law will be the culmination.

In many other directions did he show his solicitude for the welfare of those who labor with their hands. He proposed an amendment to the Constitution relative to the employment of children under 18 years of age. He introduced bills to restrict convict labor in competition with free labor in interstate commerce; to prepare systems of public works for future cyclical periods of depression and unemployment; to encourage ownership and to stimulate the buying and building of homes, and other measures of like far-reaching social and economic importance, enactment of which into law will come as surely as men's minds come to realize that the principles underlying these propositions are the very foundation stones of social order and prosperity.

His speeches on these and related subjects were frequent and always commanded attention, for all who knew him knew also that his utterances were not the mouthings of a demagogue currying class favor or votes but the outpourings of a spirit striving for betterment. His pleas were for the workers on farms and in forests and fields, for the workers in factories and shops and stores, for the toilers of the sea, and for those who in Government offices delved in scientific investigations for inadequate pay. He was an earnest speaker, and his arguments were driven home by logical deductions from incontrovertible facts.

When we turn to his personality we behold one whom to know was to esteem and to love. Firm in

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his convictions, he was ever gentle in his intercourse with his colleagues. Political differences did not lessen personal affection. I doubt if there was anyone on either side of this House but had a kindly feeling for JOHN I. NOLAN. He was the best of good fellows; always compassionate, kind-hearted, open-handed, generous, and considerate in thought and speech—loving and beloved.

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all. The poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of the hand,
Shall cry to Heaven and bring a blessing on thee.

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Address by Representative Frear *Of Wisconsin*

MR. SPEAKER: Our fellow men judge us by other standards than our own. The personality, ability, and character we present to them are poured into the crucible for analysis and the result is the estimate by our fellows. We may differ, sometimes radically, in estimates of a man, for every individual judgment is governed by its own standards, but I do not believe material difference will be found among the friends and colleagues of JOHN I. NOLAN when his record, ability, and accomplishments are submitted to the test.

We all knew him as few men become known here, respected him for his independence, fairness, and strength of character, and valued his advice and judgment. We knew his life struggle, his hard climb up the ladder, until he reached an honorable place in public life that any man, however gifted or great, might well be proud to fill. A splendid Representative in all that the term implies, charged with equal share of responsibility for legislation affecting the whole country, he never faltered or halted, but often led the way. No greater individual triumph over circumstances will be found among all the membership of the House than the career of JOHN I. NOLAN, and no higher tribute can be offered than this simple statement of fact.

What better preparation for the special legislation to which his energies were directed? Was it

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a question affecting human oppression or the rights of men expressed in constant appeal made in the name of humanity, JOHN NOLAN's heart was touched and he enlisted others in the cause until corrective legislation was had, if to be reached by law.

When problems were presented where party policies or expediencies were urged contrary to his judgment of right, he never hesitated what course to pursue, and in that independence lay his strength, for he never asked or permitted others to do his thinking. As he thought so he acted with all his might, and few men brought equal force or energy to a cause when once he was enlisted.

I knew JOHN NOLAN as many others knew him, and to me he afforded a striking example of simple courage, of high ideals, and a broad love of humanity. Hunt's story of ben Adhem's vision might well apply to him, for JOHN NOLAN's highest ambition was to serve his fellow man, and we may well believe the recording angel has written his name high above the rest.

The great work which he begun, and which has been left to others to continue, must go on, but his strong leadership, great faith and energy will be missed when most needed.

Life and death are impossible for finite minds to fathom. We can only believe the Infinite has planned all things well, and that the compensation for JOHN NOLAN's loss lies in remembrance of the good he did and knowledge that the world was made better through his life. With those who grieve, I feel a deep sorrow and personal loss that can not be expressed in words.

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Address by Representative Siegel *Of New York*

MR. SPEAKER: When a few weeks ago Congressman JOHN I. NOLAN passed to the far beyond this country lost one who typified American opportunity in the full sense of the word. No one can charge him with being a hypocrite. He was sincerity personified. He worked his own way up to the point where he won the respect of every one of his colleagues, because of his indomitable courage and love for work. He exemplified the American citizen who tried to do the best that was in him for his fellow men. He died poor in the sense that he left practically no financial resources. He died rich, however, in the esteem which his fellow citizens and his colleagues held him. The people of his congressional district loved him. They paid him the greatest tribute that could be paid to man when they sent to Congress as his successor his dear and beloved wife. If JOHN NOLAN were able to speak to his fellow Americans to-day, he would have expressed himself in the language of a distinguished preacher, who said:

He who wants to help shape the life and thought of coming generations must become the teacher of those that are young, expecting that these little ones will become the channels through which his own personality will journey forward. Bacon said that a book was a ship that carried the intellectual treasures of one century down to another. And the child is a kind of ship that floats the argosies of character forward, bearing them to the

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generations yet unborn. To what extent, then, do we love children? Are we teaching them? Are we interested in the schools either for the intellect or the conscience on the weekday or on Sunday? And upon how many children and youth are we impressing ourselves, and how deeply?

"Shall I be remembered?" asked the wounded and dying President; and every man approaching the end of his own career puts that question to his own soul. It is a pathetic fact that nearly all of the things that men achieve perish with them and can not be left to society. Solomon may be the wisest of men, but, reading many languages, his child must begin just where his father began and learn the alphabet for himself. Some Burke as statesman may acquire such knowledge of human nature that he can read the flitting emotions that pass over an enemy's face as he would read an open book, but the great orator could not bequeath his knowledge of men to his child. The growing boy looked upon men's faces and tried to interpret their moods, at first as helpless as the savage who looks at the hieroglyphics on the page of a book and wonders what they mean. The outer masks that belong to the body—clothes, furniture, gold—a man can leave, but the real treasure of his soul dies with him.

There is one thing, however, that he may bequeath to his children. If the parent will take the time for it; if he will deny himself his ease and indulgence, and perhaps some of his culture, if walking abroad or reading, or sitting down or rising up, he makes a companion of his child, harvests for him all the wisdom of his long experience, teaches him self-control, and finally reproduces himself in the child, to that extent he can influence futurity. Children are wax to receive and steel to hold the writings of teachers. That is why all strong men feel so great a debt and obligation toward their parents and early teachers. Many a man here cherishes the features and name of some instructor, who did for him all that Arnold or Rugby did for Stanley. There are some of you who never think of that professor with whom you once

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studied, save with tears and tender thoughts. It is this that explains the hold your mother and father have upon you. In your middle life the era of science came in and skeptics and doubters and philosophers pulled down the philosophical structure that you built in your youth. It seemed as if the flood had come and swept all the old structures away. But there was one thing that held you—your father's beautiful life, while your mother's face was to you the face of an angel, that from time to time shone forth with unexampled loveliness. Other influences come in to wreck boys and ruin them, but at last, either here or there, the influence and teachings of mother and father reassert themselves and draw the wanderer back to integrity and virtue. That which all other influences together can not achieve it is given to the teacher and parent to accomplish. Here we take short looks, like mariners who sail from cloud bank to cloud bank, instead of steering by the stars, but in the long look and the long run, when the child is old, and time, either here or there, has passed, the youth will not depart from the path made beautiful to him in childhood.

What! Compulsory study kill spontaneity! Look at this calla lily! Why, the very freshness, beauty, and perfection of this flower stands for a rigid rule. By strict adherence to a set formula nature prepares the flavor of the strawberry. By rigorous rule nature paints the apple blossom; never varying her formula, she lends spice and tang to peach and pear. In the intellectual realm, also, in proportion as men have put themselves under rule and rigid compulsion, have they gone toward spontaneity of genius. Burns is a lyric poet, but David is the child of creative inspiration. "Morning and noon and night do I pray." For system feeds the springs of inspiration. Those orators, too, who have been most famous for spontaneous and extemporaneous eloquence in maturity—Webster and Gladstone and Beecher—have been given many years in youth to drill and compulsory training in voice and posture and gesture. Mr. Beecher tells us that for four years, in Amherst College, he was under the

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care of one of the great teachers in elocution, Professor Lovell, and that during the mild weather he spent two hours a day splitting the air with the explosion of vowels and consonants, and that he kept up his breathings and drill until he was 30, at which time his method was fixed.

No youth is fitted to inherit an institution whose forehead is not on a level with the inventor thereof. To create wealth, social and material, requires great intelligence and wise administration. Watt's engine and Jacquard's loom incarnate their genius. No man can take charge of the loom whose intelligence is not equal to the automatic intelligence in the loom plus the brain power equal to all the crises of that loom. In like manner our social and political institutions incarnate the genius of an Adams, Washington, or Lincoln. No youth is fitted to lay hands upon this social mechanism who has not carried his brain and conscience up to the level of Hamilton and Jefferson when they invented their instruments. To give a throbbing engine into the hands of an inexperienced child is a crime. Nor can it ever be right for the State to give its forceful tools to youth stupid and unwise through the State's neglect. Constitutions may make suffrage universal, but it is easier for the State to legislate aside the nature of things, or lead the Almighty to the edge of His universe and bow Him out of existence, than to give ignorance, weakness, and vice the right to go up to the judgment seat and through the ballot lever determine destiny for multitudes. In founding these institutions our fathers assumed that the people would see to it that there should never be a body of ignorant or untrained youth. But while much is being accomplished in moral training it must be confessed that, relative to the advance in the creation of wealth, the development of intellectual tools, with press, public schools, and academies, the invention of instruments for moral training is far and away behind all others.

The instruments for the moral training of youth are twofold. First are the common schools—jackscrews under the sills of the Nation by which all the people are

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slowly being lifted. Our fathers founded these schools not alone in the interest of wisdom and learning but of ethics and morality. Their schools exercised a triple function, to wit: Trained the child's reason to perceive the truth; his taste to admire the beautiful; his moral sense to judge between acts right and acts wrong. Casting out theology, they enthroned ethics. They taught the youth how to read and write and also how to carry himself in the home, the market place, the forum, and at the polls. Daniel Webster believed with them when he said: "The right of the State to punish crime involves the State's duty to teach morals." Ethics concern man as man. Moral principles are not denominational. They are no more ecclesiastical than the principles of breathing, or walking, or eating, or sound thinking. To render the youth's mind keen as a Damascus blade without teaching him how to carry his instrument through the crowded street is to work injury toward the child and disaster toward his fellows. The three R's are not so vital to the child's welfare as the moral principles that teach the art of right living. Disobedience to law is always slavery. Obedience is liberty. Disobedience to the law of fire, water, acid, is death. Obedience to the law of color gives the artist's skill; to the law of eloquence, the orator's power; to the law of iron, the inventor's engine. Disobedience to the moral laws means waste, wretchedness. Want turns cities into heaps and renders society a herd. Thus the common schools become the real promoters of civilization—the bulwarks thereof. They teach patriotism. They destroy clannishness. They unify the races. It has been said that "The State rests upon a tripod—a free school, a free church, a free State. When one leg falls the whole structure will come crashing down."

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Address by Representative Rainey *Of Illinois*

MR. SPEAKER: In accordance with a time-honored custom we are met to-day to pay the last tribute of respect to one of our colleagues who has joined "the innumerable caravan that moves toward the realms of death."

It is most appropriate that the House of Representatives should perpetuate this custom, for in this era public men are subjected to so much criticism and so much that is evil is attributed to their every act that it is eminently fitting for those who served by their side in public life to testify to the good they have done and to place a wreath of honorable memory upon the name of one who is no longer here to speak for himself.

JOHN I. NOLAN was a Member of this House for a very short time before the "grim reaper, Death," called him from the activities of this life to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," but in the short time he was with us those who had the opportunity to meet and know him found a genial and kindly personality, united to a strong and forceful character, and had he lived but a few years more he would have undoubtedly left an impressive reputation as a legislator and statesman, for he had a wide grasp of all public questions and a clear discernment of the duties and obligations of his office such as few men show.

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But it was not to be, and we are reminded again that in the midst of life we should be prepared for the summons that has been prepared for all of us and that may be served at any moment.

Fortunately, as we stand beside the bier of a loved one who has gone before we hear the gentle voice that reaches us through the centuries and bids us recall His promise in those words of never-failing cheer, "I am the resurrection and the life."

It is this reflection that comforts us when we contemplate the many who have left us to go to that land of shadows and find through the valley of the shadow of death the way to the realms of everlasting peace.

It is then, as we recall the losses we have suffered in the past, that we may say with the poet:

Life's shores are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year,
Old places, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us;
There are fewer to regret us
Every year;
But the truer life grows nigher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter
And the heavy burden lighter
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

The regard and esteem in which he was held by his associates in the Congress of the United States has been attested by others here to-day. JOHN NOLAN was a man of strong character and deter-

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mination; when he took a position and made up his mind with reference to any question, he stood for it with that unfailing determination that marked him, in deed and in truth, as a man through and through, upon whom you could depend not only when the sun was shining but when the thunders rolled and darkness came. He stood like a beacon light for the principles he loved and which in his heart he believed were for the welfare of the people. He was ready and willing to listen to suggestions and to arguments, and if convinced that he was wrong he had the manhood and courage to acknowledge his error and correct his position.

Great as are the words and expressions that have been offered here to-day in tribute to the respect and memory of JOHN NOLAN, they must fade into insignificance when compared with the wonderful testimonial given to him by the people of his district when they selected his beloved widow as his successor in this legislative body.

There is no death here. The flowers which wither and die with the expiring year, as the cold blasts of winter come, merely sleep through the months of cold and fog and snow until the warm breath of May brings them back to life again. The rocks, as they decay, simply sustain the mosses that grow upon them. The sun, as it sets in the western sky, merely rises to shine in splendor on other seas and on other shores. The stars, as they move in brilliant procession across the skies during the night hours and disappear beyond the western horizon, simply rise again to shine in all their

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beauty upon other scenes. And so, upon occasions like this, there is always left to the friends of him who has departed the consolation and the faith that what we call on this earth death is merely the passing through the portal to a world we do not understand, but to a world which we are sure is more splendid, more magnificent than this, to a career which is longer than this, and there is left the hope that this life has been but a mere period of preparation for a newer and a fuller and a larger life which lies beyond the grave.

Therefore, in conclusion, let me say I desire to pay this tribute because of the fact I believe Congressman NOLAN deserves it by reason of the fact that he stood close at all times to the people and was in deed and in truth a true representative of those who intrusted him with their commission. He was a good citizen in life; he was a true friend; he was a faithful public official; he was a patriot, and a devoted husband and father; and therefore, in the end of his life, these characteristics all combine to make a consummation of a life which is an honor to him, which is a heritage to his loved ones and to his family, which is a gratification to his friends, which is a fond remembrance to the citizens of his great city and of the community in which he lived, and which being now made of record in the annals of this House will be in days to come a fitting memorial of a true American citizen, and when it is said of a man that he is a true American citizen it is saying of him that he represents the great principles for which this marvelous Republic stands, and no greater compliment or

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honor can be paid. May God bless and comfort his loved ones and help them to look forward to the coming of the perfect day when we shall meet those who have gone before and await us in the city beautiful.

Mr. Curry resumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution heretofore adopted, the House will stand adjourned.

Accordingly, the House (at 5 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 26, 1923, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate



Proceedings in the Senate



TUESDAY, November 21, 1922.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate a resolution from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolution (H. Res. 445) was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

Mr. SHORTRIDGE. Mr. President, I offer the resolution which I send to the desk, and ask that it may be immediately considered.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Secretary will read the resolution offered by the Senator from California.

The resolution (S. Res. 362) was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. JOHN I. NOLAN, late a Representative from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

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The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is upon agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. SHORTRIDGE. Mr. President, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, Mr. NOLAN, of California, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Wednesday, November 22, 1922, at 12 o'clock meridian.







